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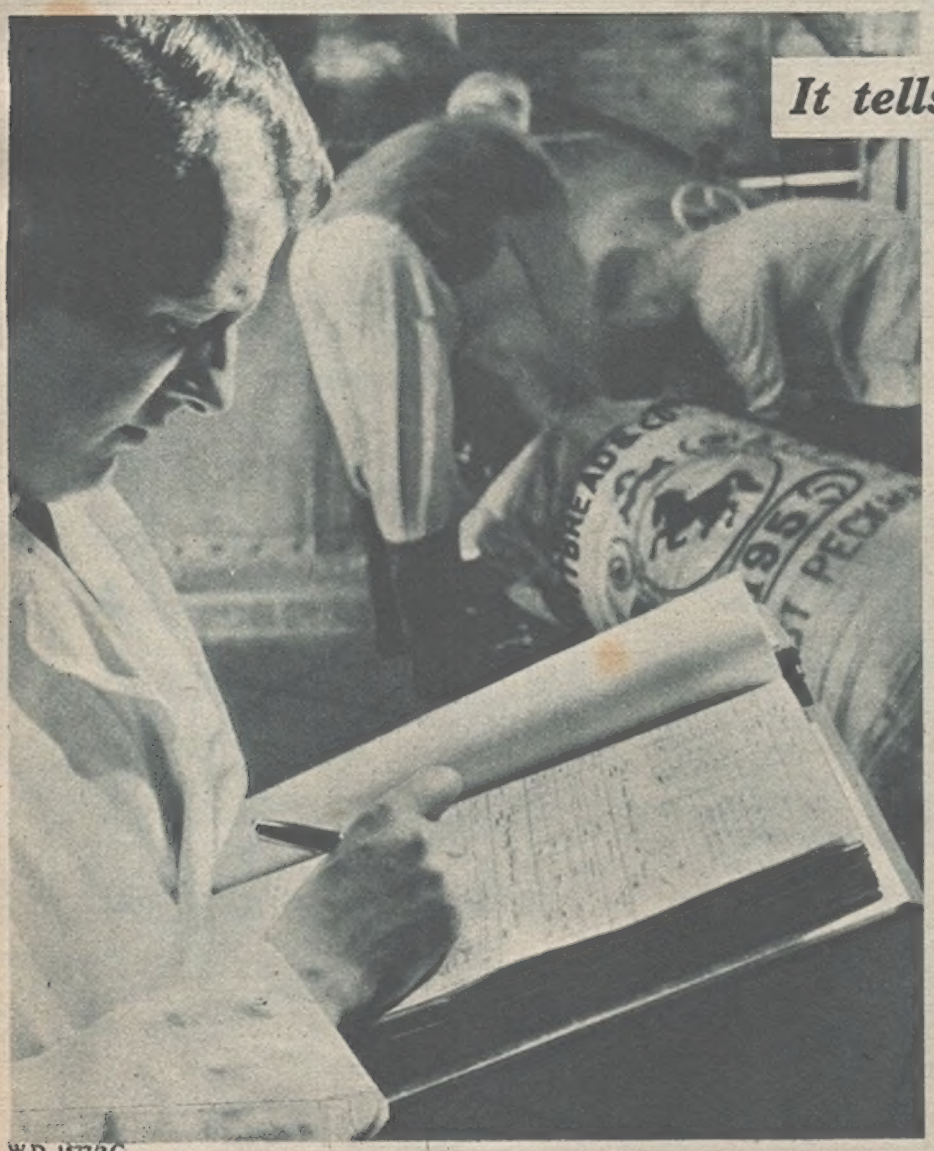

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CHANCERY 3344 JUNE 8, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2658

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Brighton, says Tanat-Jones, is the best place to live in

KENNETH TANAT-JONES is a happy man at his work as a freelance illustrator. In years to come he will probably recall only one picture that was not a pleasure to paint—the one for *Goodbye, Rosalia* on page 11. "All the time I was working on that Rolls-Royce," he says, "I was thinking of my lovely old twenty-eight horse-power Railton. When I saw petrol rationing coming, I sold it. It broke my heart."

For a studio, Tanat-Jones uses a small, disorderly upstairs room in his house at Brighton which has an unartistic view of the next row of houses. Until recently, a frequent visitor there was his eighteen-month-old daughter Sarah, who has figured, with her mother, in several of our illustrations. Sarah showed too much enthusiasm for art. "She proved herself an expert," says her father, "at squeezing out my tubes of paint."

Tanat-Jones regards his wife, Mary, as an authority on colour and fashion in his pictures, and a willing though severe critic of his finished work. "She never tells me the things I want to hear about it."

Brighton, says Tanat-Jones, is the best place in the world to live in, the light is ideal for painting, and the Albion is the best football team to cheer on winter Saturday afternoons. He lives only twenty minutes' walk from the sea but, like many seaside residents, he has not been on the beach for months.

AS a schoolboy in Buckinghamshire, Frank Maurice Allen learned from the gipsies how to snare rabbits. It was because of this art that his friends at Borlase School, Marlow, called him Bunny—a nickname that has stuck. So, too, did his interest in wild life. He now earns part of his living hunting big game in the Kenya jungle; his account of the luxurious safaris he organizes begins on page 23.

Allen, who is fifty-one, went to Kenya thirty years ago. His first professional hunt was in 1933, and two years later he led Lady Alice Scott, later Duchess of Gloucester, on a game-catching hunt on horseback.

He has his own farm at Nanyuki on which he works for six months every year; the other six months he sets aside for safaris. His wife, Murielle, usually looks after the catering in the jungle. "She's an excellent shot, too, and holds a professional hunter's licence," he says.

People outside Kenya are eager to meet Allen when they hear that he is a hunter—he and his wife spent two months touring the U.S.A. to publicise *Mogambo*, the film he writes about in his article—but when he wears ordinary street clothes his exciting occupation is not easy to guess. On a visit to Britain in 1954 he appeared on television's *What's My Line?*—and beat the panel.

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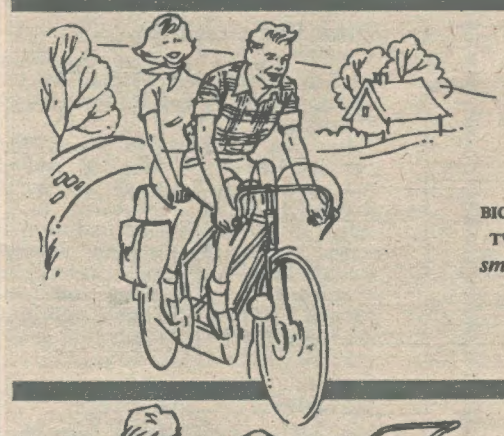

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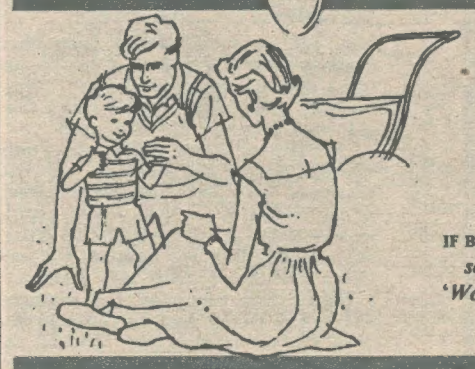

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Free Speech

- **Are our policemen so wonderful?**
- **Why doctors hate baby shows**
- **How cows and crows forecast rain**

WE British have been brought up to believe that our policemen are wonderful. Yet if a motorist waits a fraction of a second before obeying a traffic policeman's command he's liable to get abuse shouted through his window.

On ceremonial occasions I've seen policemen lose their heads and charge with their shoulders into peaceable onlookers who were merely trying to get a better view of the V.I.P. And nothing is more ruthless than a policeman safely mounted on a well-trained horse.

British policemen are still better than most of those on the Continent and in America. But if we encourage them by adulation to take over powers that they're not entitled to we will discover, too late, that they have become our masters.—A. R., Hove, Sussex.

Plea For Shanties

I live opposite a large secondary modern school and overhear all the singing lessons, which consist entirely of hymns.

I've no objection to these, but the teachers are running the risk of putting pupils off hymns for life as well as depriving them of all knowledge of our lovely old British folk songs. The headmaster plays classical records after morning prayers to counteract the "rock 'n' roll" influence. But surely some rollicking sea shanties would be more effective. —F. B., York.

Refusal To Take Steps

Mrs. Flintstone, of Derby, may have found that the flight of steps to her front door attracted inquirers ("Free Speech," May 11), but it's lucky that she wasn't trying to run a shop.

Of the four shops we have had only one had steps, and business was bad whatever we tried. We had laughed at a friend who said that people would walk several blocks to avoid shop steps, but we had to cut our losses and leave after two years.

Since then the shop has changed hands five times, and no business has been able to make it pay. Yet all the other local shops prosper. — MRS. J. W., Manchester.

Exotic Scotland

I was interested in the letter from the Scotsman who prefers tulips to orchids ("Free Speech," May 4). Many years ago I visited a garden owned by a Chinese in the Far East. But when we asked him where he got

so many beautiful orchids he said that some of them had been shipped out from hothouses in Scotland. — MRS. M. K. D., Tadworth, Surrey.

Unhappy Wanderer

While motoring from Bedford to Aldershot last week I was amazed at the vast number of notice-boards marked "Private Land," "Private Road," etc. Yet none of the properties was fenced. I thought that unfenced land was open to the public, as it seems to be in Northumberland where you can stop on the road and wander in the surrounding countryside. In the south it would seem that you wander at your peril. — J. BRAZEL, North Shields.

"Any property owner has the right to order trespassers off his land whether it's fenced or not," says a lawyer. "He can't prosecute them, but he might be able to sue them through a civil court if any damage, however slight, has been done."

Shirker's Playtime

Do successful authors really work in their homes set in beauty spots? When I tried to run my business from

a house on the Cornish coast the restful holiday atmosphere lulled me into a false sense of security. I would stroll down to the seafront when I should have been working, for the very presence of holidaymakers made work seem unimportant. So I had to leave my delightful retreat before it robbed me of the power to concentrate altogether. — H. D., Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.

Nominees Anonymous

As a branch delegate to my trade union's annual conference, I vote to elect twenty-nine members to the national executive committee as well as delegates to the T.U.C. and W.E.A. conferences. Yet I know only one of the nominees personally, and I can't be guided by my branch because few of my colleagues know even him.

No wonder power sometimes gets into the wrong hands. Each nominee should be forced to issue an election manifesto so that we know what his political feelings are. — L. A. T., Northumberland.

Bouncing Unseen

What's happened to the local baby show? In the twenties and thirties proud mothers wheeled their offspring as much as three or four miles to shows. My mother-in-law used to do this and her son won a silver sugar bowl. But now that I have a bouncing baby boy of my own, baby shows seem to be things of the past and I have nowhere to display his splendid physique and cheerful disposition. Perhaps it's only in south-east England that the custom has died out.—MRS. SHEILA M. DAVIES, Blue House Lane, Oxted, Surrey.

"I'm glad to see the end of them," says a doctor. "Next to their own specimens, most of the mothers expected the biggest, squarest infant with jowls like a bloodhound to win. 'And when I chose a slim, wiry, alert baby I lost half my patients because they thought I didn't know my job.'"

Slow Torture

I think that all motorists who are convicted of speeding should be compelled to put in a few hours' work for their local councils—painting "SLOW" signs on the roads.—L. R., Kent.

Natural Barometers

Mrs. M. Gibb, of Surrey, asks if cows can foretell the weather ("Free Speech," May 18). Having spent a year on a North Yorkshire farm I am convinced that they can.

I found that it was a sign of good weather if they lay down lazily chewing the cud or wandered slowly up a hill. Rain followed if they wandered down the hill or all stood together under a tree.—MRS. CRACKNELL, Kings Road, Brighton, Sussex.

. . . Norfolk people say that if a crow sits on the bough of a dead tree it is sure to rain. I lived in a Norfolk village for several years and found this to be one hundred per cent correct. — FRANK MARRIOTT, West Kirby, Cheshire.

Without Walls?

Our kitchen has seven doors. They lead to the: 1, outside; 2, scullery; 3, sitting-room; 4, cellar; 5, dining-room; 6, pantry; 7, wash-house. We believe the house to be 350 years old. — MRS. S. M. TOPE, Appleton, Cheshire.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

STAND aside there, please: make way for two men-about-the-house exercising their rights. You won't catch them giving a hand with the washing-up, but if there's a problem of kitchen mechanics, nothing is going to stop them tinkering, not even a threat to phone for the plumber. Pretty soon, though, the women are likely to hear some harsh comments on people who pour the unlikeliest things down the sink. That, says cover artist Batchelor, is the moment for Mother to put the kettle on. A cup of tea will soothe any temperamental craftsman.

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RUNNING IN

Athlete... business man... and top television personality....A young man in a hurry begins the story of his crowded years

by CHRIS CHATAWAY

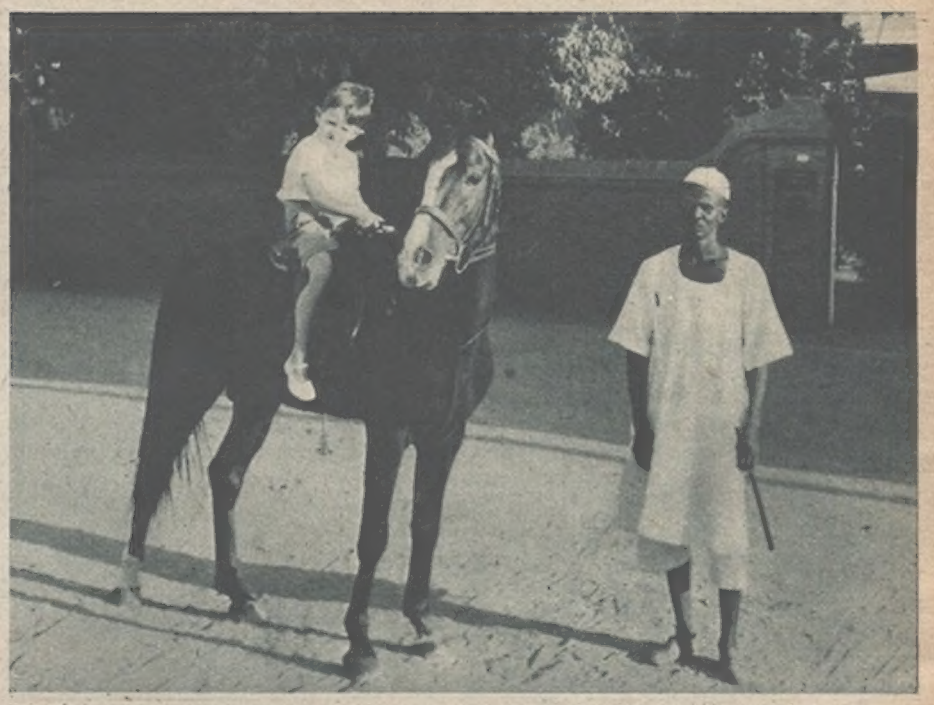
I DISCOVERED I could run on a close, sultry afternoon in July, 1947. I was at Sherborne School, and at sixteen had become old enough to enter for a half-mile race in the school sports, which were held in the last fortnight of the summer term.

My sporting energies till then had been concentrated on the school's great prestige builder, rugby football, though, in fact, it was a game that I never enjoyed very much. I used to play in the middle of the scrum, where I had to push, sweat, heave and grunt for an hour and a half without getting, it seemed to me, a great deal of excitement or even fresh air.

I had had the feeling, I remember, for some time that I might be good at long-distance running.

Before the sports I found out that the half-mile record for my age group was two minutes sixteen seconds. On the day of the race I took care to refuse a second helping at lunch. I had not done any training because nobody ever did. But I shocked many of the other boys by jogging half a mile before the race in

JOHN BULL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



Chataway, aged two, with his mother in a launch on the Nile at Khartoum and (above), aged five, on horseback outside their home. His father worked in the Sudan, and Chataway spent a great part of his first seven years there

order to "warm up." I had read in some book that this was the thing to do.

My friends felt, not unnaturally, that it was a suicidal waste of energy. The track was rough and on a slope.

When the gun went I shot straight into the lead, determined that nobody should get past me. I realized that to equal the record I had to do each of the two laps in sixty-eight seconds. But when I got to the quarter-mile mark the timekeeper shouted: "Sixty."

"This," I thought, "is as fast as I have ever run a quarter mile."

I looked around and the next boy was at least eighty yards behind. Now was the uphill stretch and I felt very tired. Somehow I managed to struggle round. The second lap was seventy-four seconds—but I won by a comfortable margin and beat the record by a couple of seconds.

Two minutes fourteen seconds for a sixteen-year-old is nothing by the schoolboy standards of today. It was not by any means brilliant then. Nobody raved.

The groundsman could remember Stallard and Milligan, two Shirburnians who had become international athletes, and his verdict was: "I'm afraid you're the wrong shape, son. To be an athlete you've got to be long and thin."

But from that day on I was quite sure that I had within me the ability to run well. It was a discovery that was then a source only of pleasure and excitement, although there were to be times later when I almost wished that I had never made it.

My parents were surprised that I should turn out to be a runner. As a child I had apparently shown no inclination towards violent exercise. I had been more interested in riding horses than covering ground on foot.

The first seven years of my life were divided between Britain and the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. My father worked in Khartoum and our home was there, but in the summer months my brother Michael and I were brought back to Britain by my mother.

For a child it was an exciting life but a perplexing one. Every year came the change from Africa to Britain, then from white faces back to black ones again. Confusion set in early. At the age of four I asked the maid of a family friend who lived in Kensington for a glass of orange juice—in Arabic. I am told that I was upset at the stupidity of the adult when she failed to understand.

The fortnight's boat trip was always to be looked forward to—living in a cabin, playing games on deck, going up to the bows and watching the spray and the water rushing back as the ship cut through the waves. And then the excitement of waking up in the morning to hear all the noises of a port. Particularly I remember Port Said. Hundreds of Arabs would come out in little rowing boats to meet our liner. Some of them were hawking goods. Others were divers, and if a passenger threw a coin into the water one of them would leap in and a few minutes later come up laughing and smiling with the coin in his hand. I used to stand by the rail and watch it all for hours.

In Khartoum life for me was always interesting. In the cool of the early mornings I might be taken out for walks or, as soon as I was old enough, for riding. In the evenings I would swim or occasionally go to watch my father shooting.

The only fly in the ointment was that I had to stay indoors between 9 a.m. and 4 p.m. because of the heat and was forced to spend a large part of this time learning curious and apparently quite useless things about letters and figures.

I WAS well into my seventh year before I could read anything. By this time two threats were looming on the horizon. The first and most imminent was that of a boarding school. The second was the threat of a world war, which my father, exasperated with Chamberlain and the appeasers, was now sure would come.

In 1938 my mother, my brother Michael and I made the two-day train journey from Khartoum to Port Sudan for the last time. I can remember that as I watched the desert, the sand dunes, the occasional camel drifting past the train window, I wondered whether I should ever see it all again. As it turned out, the next time I was in Khartoum was in 1954. On my way to an athletics meeting in Johannesburg I stopped at the airport for a few hours.

The war and the boarding school happened at about the same time in the following year.

The war never meant very much to me. During the air raids we sat under the stairs listening to the aeroplanes and the bombs. Michael used to enjoy the whole performance enormously, bounding up and down with excitement and giving an imaginative running commentary from the sounds he heard. I was a little older and a little more frightened.

The war was really brought home to me by only two things—Churchill's speeches, to which I always thrilled, and my father's return in 1942. The U-boats were at their worst while he travelled slowly home round the Cape. This was an anxious period of waiting for us. When at last he arrived he took a job at the Board of Trade.

There he often worked fifteen hours a day. When he could, he came down to see us in Dorset. Sometimes he was ill and tired, but he never thought of taking the rest he needed. After the war he collapsed with heart trouble. For seven years he was almost continually in bed, often in pain, never complaining and always more mentally active than almost anybody I have ever met. He died in 1953, as much a victim of the war as any who were killed in it.

The boarding school I was sent to was Forres in Swanage. On the way there my mother said: "Now you mustn't be too upset when I leave. Remember I shall be able to visit you quite often."

There was a game of "He" going on when we arrived at the school. I joined in immediately and my mother got no more than a casual wave from the other side of the field when she left.

From then on school affairs were all-absorbing. A younger sister, Susan, had been added to the family a year before, and six months later my mother had a third son, John. She sent me a telegram to give me the news, but I forgot straight away, and my next letter contained no reference to this event at all. It was purely about my doings at school.

Cups, team colours, medals, marks, end-of-term prizes—these were the things that occupied most of my attention between the ages of eight and eighteen. Nearly every activity resolved itself into an attempt to do better than my neighbours. For this reason, no doubt, my subsequent transition to international athletics was an easy one.

There was even in my house at Sherborne, where I was at school from thirteen onwards, a competitive system of seniority. Boys who had

While at Forres preparatory school, Chataway (left) attended a scout camp. Later he went to Sherborne School, where the main sport was rugby. He showed interest in running but was told: "You're the wrong shape, son"

arrived in the same term were always listed in the order in which the housemaster rated their character and ability. There were about ten boys in my term, and I was consistently top of the list, except for one short and terrible period about the middle of my school career when, after a generally unsuccessful spell, I dropped to second place.

We were certainly being trained, if not over-trained, for a competitive world. I have often wondered since about the ghastly feelings of inferiority with which the boy who was always bottom of the list must have started life outside. I can only hope that he did not take the whole thing quite as seriously as I did.

SOME showed signs of a more light-hearted approach. One boy who was constantly in trouble disguised himself one day as an electrician. Peaked cap on, he called at the house of a master he particularly disliked.

"I have come to look at those fittings of yours, missis," he announced when the master's wife opened the door. She thought her husband must have arranged it, and let him in.

For an hour the boy had a free hand with the electrical arrangements of the house. It was months before anything was working again. The boy was never discovered.

On another occasion the same boy succeeded in putting in mirror writing on the back of a master's chair the words "Vote Labour." The master was a fierce, old-fashioned, "send-a-gunboat" Tory. He considered Attlee, then Prime Minister, to be quite indistinguishable from the Communists. There was a bye-election on, and the sight of the old gentleman walking round the school with "Vote Labour" on his back reduced all who saw it to uncontrollable laughter.

When I was dropped from the third eleven at cricket the bottom of my world fell out. I believe that in the eight years since I have left school no disappointment has hit me so hard.

Similarly, no international athletic success has meant anything like as much to me as did the moment when the captain of the school rugby football team, with one of those real boys' magazine handshakes, said: "Congratulations, Chataway! You have won your first fifteen colours."

My whole status in society changed. Not only could I wear different hats, blazers and caps, but I could put my hands in my pockets, walk on the grass where I had not been allowed to before and, in fact, lord it over nearly everybody.

That was indeed a wonderful day.

No doubt by the time I am fifty or sixty I shall look back to my schooldays with nostalgia and remember only the illicit bicycle rides on a Sunday morning to drink beer at a country pub, or the night when a few of us, feeling immensely adventurous, climbed out with ladder and paint-brush to add a moustache to a grim-faced woman on a poster who exhorted all and sundry to "KEEP DEATH OFF THE ROADS."

Those were great moments, but at this distance I can still remember that everything had a painful intensity and significance. One's equanimity could so easily be shattered—by being late for chapel, or by not being elected to the upper sixth. Reversals were sudden, unexpected and important. Nevertheless, I passed the examinations I was supposed to, and as a school prefect gave up lawlessness for the authority of office.

Athletics played only a minor part in my life. At school I ran races for no more than two weeks in the year, but I often thought about running and of the time when I should be able to test and develop the ability which I felt I possessed. I read any books that I could find about runners or athletic training and avidly followed the sport in the newspapers.

There was a young athlete at Oxford University who was beginning to attract attention about this time. At the age of seventeen he had won the mile race at his first attempt in the Oxford-Cambridge match.

Sports writers were saying that he would be a great champion and, with astonishing and quite uncharacteristic foresight, that he might be the first man to run a mile in four minutes. As I hoped to go to the same university I read with added interest everything that was published about him.

Roger Bannister, they wrote, was being careful not to "burn himself out." "He does not compete in too many races," they said, "and he does not try to set up the fastest possible times because he thinks that might jeopardize his athletic career later on."

I, too, resolved that I would take care to run in few hard competitions—not that the temptation offered itself very frequently.

Parents and schoolmasters often ask me: "My boy is still at school and runs in a lot of races. Do you think he will be better if he doesn't do so much now?"

That is a question that I always find it difficult to answer with definite advice. Many outstanding junior athletes, it is true, are disappointing in after years, but this may simply be a matter of physical development, that they matured early and thus had less scope for improvement later. On the other hand, there are

Chataway learned a great deal from Bill Nankeville, former A.A.A. mile champion, who is now a sports goods salesman

a number of most successful athletes who seem to have been running as fast and as hard as often as they could from a very early age.

Gordon Pirie and Brian Hewson are two outstanding examples. Any burning associated with Gordon Pirie would only be caused by friction between the track and the soles of his shoes. Although he has been running and racing since he was a child, there does not seem to have been any internal scorching.

At this time, however, I was firmly convinced of the reality of "burning out," and I was quite determined to avoid it. In fact, I do not believe that I suffered in any way from having little competition when I was young.

While the danger of physically overtaxing oneself may have been exaggerated at times in the past, there is, I am sure, a danger of mental weariness.

Running is a painful business and the runner needs to be well stocked with enthusiasm in order to convince himself that it is all worth while. I am certain that some young prodigies, who are put through a great number of races, even if they do not exhaust their bodies do

Continued on page 37

Goodbye, Rosalia

He loved her, but he wasn't going back. He'd stick to the rules—whatever happened

by KEM BENNETT

ON his last day in Tamariu, Richard Bannerman bathed before breakfast. Swimming in the clear, warm water, he thought about Rosalia; while he dried himself on the beach he thought about Rosalia, and when he sat down to his breakfast in the patio outside the Hotel Tamariu he was still thinking about her.

Maria Rosalia Pedret—it was a typically Catalan name, and yet Rosalia was not truly Catalan because her family came from Majorca. Many Majorcan women are very tall and fair, and Rosalia was one of them. She might have looked like an Englishwoman, or a Scandinavian, had she not had brown eyes, instead of blue, to go with her fair hair.

Richard knew beyond doubt that he loved her, and almost beyond doubt that she loved him. But she was married, she had a twelve-year-old daughter, and she lived in Catholic Spain.

So he was going away, without ever having permitted himself to tell Rosalia that he loved her. He was behaving in a moral and admirable manner, like a conventional and well-brought-up Englishman. And a harsh voice in his head was saying that he was a fool and a coward.

Having finally admitted to himself with bitterness that he was in fact running away, Richard drank some coffee, pushed aside his breakfast and went to start loading his car.

It was an elderly Phantom II Rolls-Royce. Normally it gave Richard great pleasure with its long, antique dignity and superb workmanship, but this morning he told himself sourly that it was time to get rid of the thing because of its monstrous thirst for petrol.

He put his suitcases in the great luggage-boot at the back, because they were square and could be persuaded to fit, more or less. Then, into the rear compartment, he piled his canvases, brushes, paints and easel, together with smaller luggage and such things as his goggle-fishing equipment. When everything was in, he lit a Bisonte cigarette and drove to the gate of Rosalia's villa.

Richard was a widower, forty years old, the outright owner of a small aircraft factory, and a rich man. He was six feet four inches in height and weighed fifteen stone—which was one of the reasons for the Rolls-Royce; few modern English cars were comfortable for a man built on his scale. He painted for a hobby and he was probably the only aircraft manufacturer in the world with a beard. Having grown it while serving in the Fleet Air Arm during the war, he had become fond of it and now flatly refused to return to the daily weariness of shaving. Besides, it made him look striking, and he was human enough to be proud of his awe-inspiring appearance.

Rosalia came, leading Pilar by the hand, punctually at nine o'clock. Richard saw them as they left their white villa perched above the village, watched them come down the steps and along the secluded drive. Rosalia's short, fair hair was catching the morning sun. She was wearing a coloured blouse and ridiculous shorts in cotton or linen. She walked with a beautiful, assured, easy grace, and her bare arms, face and long legs were sunburned.

She was grave. Beside her, Pilar looked like a half-size reproduction of her mother—fair, thin, leggy, and, for a twelve-year-old, strangely self-assured.

Rosalia smiled at Richard, but with sadness in her brown eyes. "Tamariu will not be the same without you."

"Won't it?" Richard said. "I wish you lived in England."

"So do I, perhaps." Pause. Silence. Unspoken things filled the air. Pilar went to run a finger over the shining coachwork of the Rolls.

Rosalia frowned and said worriedly: "Are you sure it won't inconvenience you to take Pili to Perpignan?"

For a moment Richard thought that she wanted him to say yes, then put aside the idea as ridiculous. "Of course it won't. Don't be a fathead, Rosalia. I'm looking forward to the drive; she'll remind me of . . . of Tamariu."

"Good." She banished the frown and smiled again. She was very much in control of herself. "Well"—her English was fluent and idiomatic—"I expect you'll be wanting to be off." To the girl she said, in English, because Pilar, too, was bilingual: "Be good, my Pili. Do as you are told. Give my love to Aunt Josette and wear your spectacles if you go to the cinema." They kissed.

Rosalia held out her hand. "Goodbye, Richard. Give my love to Amanda." Amanda was his daughter, whom Rosalia had never met, but of whom she had heard a great deal.

"Yes," he said. "Goodbye, Rosalia. . . ."

The Rolls passed through Palafrugell and took the newly surfaced road north which crossed the plain of Ampurdan and led eventually to the French frontier. Pili and Richard were silent for the first half hour of driving; then Richard began to sing because he was finding it impossibly difficult to talk to Pili and because he might have howled had he not sung instead.

He had a powerful baritone voice and, as they passed through villages, people stood still and stared, open-mouthed. In Spain, a Rolls-Royce, even an old one, is still a symbol of riches, and the combination of the beard, the car and the voice was, in Spanish peasant eyes, almost miraculous.

Richard took heart a little and turned to Pilar. "It would appear that they think we are *fantastico*, Pili."

The girl's rare smile appeared, reminding him cruelly of Rosalia in a mood of happiness. "Of course, Señor Ricardo. They are right. You are truly *fantastico*. They will talk about you for days in the cafés."

He chuckled, and started to sing again, and Pili relapsed into her silence, still as a small statue in the vast leather bucket-seat of the Rolls.

It was on the far side of Figueras, less than twenty-seven kilometres from the frontier, that they first saw in the distance the figure of a man walking with a heavy pack. Pili sat forward in her seat. The man had a limp, and as the sound of the approaching car reached his ears he turned. Presently he held up his hand in a dignified appeal for a lift.

Pili said: "Can we help him, Señor Ricardo? He is lame." The words came abruptly, almost as if she had been rehearsing them in her mind and had them ready for utterance.

Richard stopped the car level with the man. "Where are you going?"

"To the frontier, *señor*. I am sorry to impose myself, but my pack is heavy, I have a lame leg, and the sun is hot."

PILI was already sitting among the baggage in the back of the car, having squirmed over the seat with a lean schoolgirl's agility. As the stranger took her place beside Richard he said with exquisite formality: "*Buenos dias, señorita,*" and she answered gravely: "*Buenos dias, señor.*"

To Richard the lame man said: "This is a great kindness."

Richard said: "*De nada, amigo,*" and let in the clutch.

"Am I right in thinking you are English, *señor?*" The man was thin as a wraith. He had greying hair and fiercely intelligent dark eyes, and his voice was that of a cultured man.

"Yes, you are," Richard said.

"I am a Catalan. My name is Dominique Madremaya. I am a Catalan Nationalist and, I am afraid, a professional trouble-maker."

Richard was lighting a cigarette. The match in his hand went out as he paused. He glanced curiously at the man beside him. "Mine's Richard Bannerman. That's Pili behind, sitting on your pack; who do you make trouble for—or should I not ask?"

"For the Spanish Government," Madremaya said calmly. "Before the Civil War, as you probably know, Catalonia was for a short while a republic. We fought to keep it that way but were defeated. Many of us are still fighting. I was until recently—as a leader of what might be called the Catalan Resistance Movement."

Richard said: "Are you a Communist?"

"No." Madremaya smiled without laughter in his eyes. "In spite of what many think, only some of those who fought against Franco were Communists."

"Why are you telling us all this?"

"I thought you might be interested. I am

inadvertently a very unusual person, *señor*. You see, I am dead.

"I was sentenced to death after long imprisonment in 1942 and was placed before a firing squad and shot. I regained my consciousness in a shallow communal grave, out of which I managed to crawl. Sympathizers found me and I eventually recovered, although I had four bullet wounds in the chest and lungs and my right thigh was shattered.

"I then faced the problem of continuing to live when officially I was dead and had no identity. By a chance that was fortunate for me, a dear friend died unexpectedly of blood poisoning and I assumed his identity. The circumstances were favourable and as a result of my wounds my appearance had totally changed. That was nearly fifteen years ago. A fortnight ago, by mischance, I was recognized and betrayed. . . . And now, knowing that I am alive, the authorities are anxious to finish the job that they failed to finish in 1942. . . ."

Richard had slowed down. His mind was alive with thoughts, alarm dominating them. For a second he looked straight into the eyes of the man beside him. Then he said: "You want me to take you over the frontier, don't you?"

"You are an intelligent man, Señor Bannerman."

"If they catch you you will be shot?"

"Possibly. Possibly not. The régime has softened recently. I should certainly be imprisoned for life, and that I am naturally anxious to avoid."

Richard pulled in to the roadside and stopped the Rolls. He was thinking of Pili, and of Rosalia. The man beside him was dangerous. He had to be got rid of. To hell with him! To stop a perfect stranger on the roadside and expect to be smuggled from one country to another—a wanted man. It was monstrous.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid I shall have to ask you to get out. You are asking the impossible. I'm a foreigner. I'm responsible for the child in the back. The risk is unthinkable.

"Anyway, why aren't you going across country to the mountains? Why try to get over

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"Be good, my Pili," said Rosalia. "Do as you are told. Give my love to Aunt Josette . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY TANAT-JONES

This is LESLIE JACKSON'S Life

by JOHN ENNIS

He puts clocks forward, disguises buildings, and fools his friends—to make a TV show successful

Jackson with Pat Kirkwood in *This Is Your Life*. Producing the show is a nerve-straining job, but he revels in its harmless duplicity

In the control room are Frank Cresswell (technical operations manager), Eileen Cornwell (secretary), Jackson and vision mixer Keith Williams

MRS. JO JACKSON, wife of T. Leslie Jackson, producer of the B.B.C. television series *This Is Your Life*, says her husband has always been a go-getter. Jackson's secretary, Eileen Cornwell, says her boss is still bouncing with energy when the rest of his staff are out on their feet. One of his researchers, Nigel Ward, relates with awe that in the middle of a conversation Jackson will lift a telephone and begin a second, often highly technical discussion, at the same time urging whoever is in his office to "go on talking, I'm listening."

Eamonn Andrews, the commentator of *This Is Your Life*, said recently: "Jacko is an electric eel." When, some years ago, Jackson was taking his driving test, the examiner had him pull to the side and stop. "I'll bet, Mr. Jackson," said the examiner, "that you always run upstairs two at a time."

Jackson, a lean man of forty-seven with the quick, springy movements of the featherweight boxer he once was, sat back in the driving seat for a moment and drew a mental picture of himself on a staircase.

"I've never thought of it before," he said. "But you're quite right; I do."

Eamonn Andrews says: "If you told Jacko you had left your pencil on the top of Ben Nevis, he would say: 'Wait there, I'll get it.'"

The B.B.C. finds Jackson's quicksilver flair eminently suitable in the man who has the nerve-straining job of producing *This Is Your Life*, in which the central personality must be kept in ignorance of his rôle until the show is already on viewers' screens. He revels in the harmless duplicity needed to gather a man's life story from his friends and relations while keeping the victim entirely in the dark, though he has produced nearly forty shows with the constant nightmare that his man will get away at the last minute.

To inveigle an unsuspecting lifeboat coxswain into the programme he had the studio disguised as the scene of a Lifeboat Day rally, complete with posters and flag-sellers on the steps. When Harry S. Pepper, the veteran radio producer, was the victim, Jackson altered the stage door of the theatre to make Pepper believe that he was visiting the B.B.C.'s most up-to-date studio. Ronnie Waldman, head of B.B.C. television Light Entertainment, asked Pepper to drive him there, making it seem a favour that Pepper could not politely refuse.

Decoying Ted Ray, the comedian, gave Jackson most anxiety. "Ted knows the studios inside out," Jackson says.

Jackson let Ray understand that his son, Andrew, was taking part in a television show. On the morning of *This Is Your Life* he telephoned Ray's house. Ray answered.

"I want to make sure Andrew will be here on time tonight," Jackson said; then, casually, "would you drive him down to make sure?"

This appeal to Ray's professional and family pride cut no ice. "Nothing doing," Ray said. "I'm tired of being chauffeur to the family."

Jackson asked Cecil McGivern, then Controller of Television Programmes, to help. Actors impersonating the Assistant Postmaster-General of Australia and the Chief Engineer of the Australian Broadcasting Commission met in McGivern's office, and McGivern invited Ray to meet these "dignitaries." To lull Ray into a belief that *This Is Your Life* was well under way, every clock that he was likely to see was put forward five minutes.

Ray took the bogus Australians to see the place where he usually worked, the Television Theatre. The driver of their B.B.C. car had already made the journey several times that day, timing it to the second. Eamonn Andrews met Ray as he entered and drew him into camera range.

Though the ruse was successful, Jackson vowed that he would be wary of choosing a professional for his programme in future. Ray recovered too swiftly from his initial surprise, and he talked so fluently that three of the people who were supposed to tell parts of his life story never came before the cameras.

Afterwards Ray said: "When I got on the stage I thought, this show lasts thirty

Decoying the show's subject is the worst problem. Eamonn Andrews (left) became the victim while he was on the show's staff. A fake "casualty" lured Red Cross officer Johanna Harris (centre.) Sue Ryder was giving a talk when she was told that she was the show's subject

minutes. Two minutes have gone by. How many gags can I get into the next twenty-eight?"

Jackson's ability to move fast was put to the test on the first *This Is Your Life* programme, when the name of the chosen victim, footballer Stanley Matthews, leaked to the press.

Only a few days remained in which to research another life story. Jackson conferred with the executive producer of the American parent show, Axel Gruenberg, the compère of the American show, Ralph Edwards, who was to handle the first British programme, and Eamonn Andrews who was watching Edwards for hints in technique before he himself took over the series.

They tossed names around for a while, then Jackson stood up and walked towards the door. He passed behind the sofa on which Andrews was sitting. He caught the attention of Gruenberg and Edwards; then he pointed silently down at the back of Andrews's head. The new victim was chosen.

Though Andrews is one of his best friends, Jackson ruthlessly gave him a day of heartache. He sent Andrews on a wild goose chase while he organized the show behind his back. But Jackson can be even tougher with himself.

One Wednesday night last January, when he was also producing *What's My Line?*, he was in a collision with a lorry. His driving mirror gashed his eyebrow and he woke up in hospital. The hospital sent him home at 2 a.m. on Thursday. He got up at seven thirty and went to his office. He worked until five, then a colleague took him home to bed.

He worked through Friday and Saturday, produced *This Is Your Life* on the Sunday and *What's My Line?* on the Monday. On the Tuesday he felt free to collapse.

A neatly typed card on the door of Jackson's office in Shepherd's Bush carries the name "T. Leslie Fruitcake." Inside, a false beard hangs inexplicably from the top of a notice board. Jackson usually works standing at his desk, jacket off, wearing a bow tie at his neck and an ordinary tie round his waist.

He drives his staff hard. "But we feel we are working with, rather than for, Jacko," Eileen Cornwell said recently. "I can't think of anyone I'd rather work for."

Terence Leslie Jackson was born in Stretford, Lancashire, of an Irish mother and an English father. When he was eight, he and his seven-year-old brother made jam sandwiches and walked seven miles to Stockport, Cheshire, seven miles from Stockport to Manchester, then home to Stretford, a total of nearly twenty miles.

When their father heard of this marathon, he issued a challenge in a daily paper, saying his sons would take on anybody of the same age at walking. He sent them out training. After a week the project was forgotten.

The family moved to Dublin, where Jackson took his first job in the office of a flour mill. He left and trained as an actor at the Abbey Theatre, boxing as an amateur in his spare time. At seventeen he set out with another boy to stow away to America. They reached Liverpool with £2 between them. But ships to America, they found, were too well guarded. Jackson's friend joined the army. Jackson, who weighed only six stones, was sent away from the recruiting office to put on weight.

He went to Manchester and fought twenty-seven professional fights, winning fifteen and drawing four. He worked in a factory, then sold brushes from door to door. Then he acted in repertory at Manchester, Buxton in Derbyshire and Macclesfield, Cheshire.

He joined the wartime navy, spent eight months in Murmansk, was commissioned and carried stores into Normandy on a landing craft on D-Day.

The Jacksons at home in Acton. Before her marriage Mrs. Jackson was a Welsh actress. With them here are Sean, Paul and baby Ceri

While acting in Manchester he became friendly with a young Welsh actress whose parents opposed the friendship. For four years of the war they heard nothing of each other. One day the actress went into a store in Manchester, took off her glove and found she had lost a jade stone from her ring. Searching, head down, she bumped into a naval officer. It was Jackson.

"Jo! Are you married?" said Jackson, quick as ever to get right to the heart of things. He married her a few weeks later. Today they have three children, Paul, nine; Sean, seven; and Ceri, nineteen months.

After the war Jackson passed a B.B.C. selection board for the job of studio manager. They asked him when he could start. It was 9 a.m. "Will midday do?" Jackson asked.

Given *What's My Line?* to produce, he won two awards between 1951 and 1954. The B.B.C. paid him a bonus for his added responsibility, but they were slow to promote him. In 1955, when he was still studio manager after nine years, the B.B.C. told him he had been away from his duties long enough, and took him off *What's My Line?* He jibbed at working under producers he considered his juniors, so he transferred from Light Entertainment and worked on documentaries, plays and opera, then directed Television News for six months.

He became a director, still on a studio manager's rate of pay. Commercial television made him an offer. The B.B.C. offered him promotion to producer if he would stay. He stayed.

Jackson hates hurting anybody's feelings. "He is a sucker for cadgers," his wife says.

His effort to avoid appearing rude to a friend got out of hand a few months ago. He had a lunch date with a man on a day when he was exceptionally busy. Rather than say he must return early to the office, he told the man he had to catch a certain train to Horsham, Sussex.

"That's lucky," said Jackson's friend. "I was going there the other day and somebody gave me a lift. I still have the ticket."

Time went on, and Jackson said that he really ought to go. "Don't worry," his friend said. "I'll drive you to the station. You'll catch the train."

By now Jackson was too deeply involved in his deception to withdraw. His friend drove him to the station, gave him a ticket, bought him a batch of magazines and waved him on his way. THE END

Bimbo and the Browning

by GARNETT RADCLIFFE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

It was a noble machine-gun, a beautiful weapon. And it took this old soldier to demonstrate how it could really be used

To see an honourable career end in disgrace is a sad thing. Especially is it sad when disgrace falls on a much beloved and deeply respected friend such as Bimbo—Bimbashi-El-Awal Rakman Khan Audhali, Senior Arab Officer of the South Arabian Levies.

For an Arab he was a very old soldier indeed. For more than thirty years he had served in the South Arabian Levies, rising from boy bugler, than which there can be nothing lower, to bimbashi-el-awal, than which there can be nothing higher..

His proudest boast was that there was not a single red entry on the crime sheet in his personal record book.

Also, he was a very lovable little man. He had merry eyes and his tanned face was creased with deep laughter-lines.

Most Arabs are of a grave disposition, but Rakman Khan loved to joke with the British sahibs and to partake with them of the whisky forbidden him by his religion, but which, he vowed, turned to milk in his mouth because of his extreme piety.

The evening of his return from annual leave was always a great occasion in our mess. It was his pleasant custom to pay us a ceremonial visit, bringing presents from the Audhali country. We would regale him with whisky, and he would regale us with strange, vivid, highly spiced gossip of the Hadhramaut bazaars.

Then came an evening when it was all different.

As usual we were awaiting him in the anteroom after dinner. There was a chair ready for him beside old Bill Maitland, our colonel, the glasses were ready, and old Bill was chuckling about how he intended to pull Bimbo's leg about the poor shooting of the Audhali Company. Pulling Bimbo's leg was a favourite pastime with us, and he was so good humoured that he never resented it.

But when Bimbo did come in, we were all silent. This wasn't the Bimbo we knew. This limping, haggard man was not our jovial, swaggering bimbashi-el-awal.

When the colonel went to him with outstretched hands of welcome, he shrank back and spoke with hanging head.

"Nay, sahib," he said. His voice was hoarse and tired. "I am in disgrace and unworthy to

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Bill Maitland laid a gentle hand on Bimbo and spoke for us all. "My friend," he told him, "there will be no further word of this"

As part of their rag activities, students of Manchester University held a "bath night" in the centre of the city

RAG!

Students live riotously once a year—to aid charity. Do their wild stunts go too far?

by REX GRIZELL

THE crowded shopping streets of Leicester became a battleground one Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago, when 150 students from Loughborough College tangled with students of University College, Leicester, who were holding their annual rag procession. Policemen were bowled over in the fighting, bystanders were hit by bags of flour and rotten fruit, clubs and sticks were used, and one student was knocked unconscious.

During the previous week the rag organizers had anxiously appealed to out-of-town students not to interfere. They feared that over-excitement and extremist actions might lead, as it has in some other towns, to the banning of the rag.

London University's Guy Fawkes rag was the first to be banned. On November 5, 1953, five thousand students clashed with more than two hundred police in the West End. Next day, 189 people, most of them students, were charged at Bow Street, while four hundred other students, shouting and singing, besieged the court. The following year the police banned the rag.

In 1954 Nottingham civic authorities banned the university's annual rag because of an incident the previous year. A man had staggered out of a city jeweller's shop, his face covered in blood. A car raced up and the "gunman" jumped in, but not before a passer-by, believing that it was the real thing, had hit the gunman over the head with a suitcase. Police cars which raced to the spot exposed the fake "raid." The rag has since been restored in Nottingham.

When Leeds University's Rag chairman, Tony Astle, invited the Soviet leaders, Bulganin and Kruschev, to open the Rag Week which begins in Leeds on June 15, there was a storm of protest in the city. Some important local firms withdrew their support. One wrote to Astle: "By a unanimous decision the board of directors has decided to make no contribution to Rag this year, owing to the Communist sympathies of the committee."

Astle says the whole thing was a joke. "I don't suppose our letter got any farther than the Leeds sorting office. We wanted publicity and we got it."

In 1955 a local bishop publicly criticized the moral tone of the magazine which Manchester students produce to support their Shrove Tuesday rag. Numerous letters in the local press supported him. In 1956 there was more trouble in Manchester when three men, thought to be students, seized another man during the height of the rag day collection, turned him upside down and shook him violently. More than £3 fell from his pockets and was picked up and taken away. Police, ready to bring a charge of robbery with violence, failed to find the men.

While the thoughtless and wild actions of a few irresponsible students jeopardize the future of university rags, other students struggle to keep alive a tradition which they believe has become a valuable part of university and public life in many cities throughout the country. Rag committees are elected annually in most universities to organize the rag officially and to co-operate with the police and other authorities. At Manchester, proposed rag activities are discussed with the police, who may ban them if they think the life of the city will be disrupted.

"Apart from helping charities, rag is a special form of entertainment enjoyed by the public as much as by the students," claims Tom Henegham, Manchester's 1957 rag secretary.

Last year, in an effort to educate the public and "to placate some of our enemies," an exhibition showing the work of the charities to which Manchester's rag has contributed was put on in the largest store in Manchester. Public support for the rag has enabled the Manchester rag committees to give more than £100,000 to charities since the war.

Even bigger than Manchester's rag is the University of Birmingham's Carnival. "People come from miles around to watch the Carnival procession," says David Budd, rag chairman this year.

Birmingham now gives £15,000 a year to provide amenities for the young and the old of the city. When a woman doctor devised a scheme for a holiday home for children under five from poor families, Birmingham's Carnival Fund supplied the £5,000 necessary for converting a farmhouse, laying on main water, and building a caretaker's cottage. Before the National Health Service came into operation the fund maintained whole wards in the city's hospitals.

King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne, follows Birmingham closely, giving about £15,000 a year to charities in the North-east.

ORGANIZING large rags is a year-long job for committee members. Birmingham's carnival has a committee of fifteen, each with a different job; for the two months preceding the carnival, the volume of work necessitates an office with two full-time typists and four telephones.

The chief source of income at each of these rags comes from shilling tickets which give the buyer the right to guess how much money will be collected in the streets on Rag Day. In Manchester, Newcastle and Birmingham the best guess wins a motor-car. Other money comes from street collections, the sale of rag magazines—Manchester's *Rag-Rag* sells 120,000 copies—revues and dances.

The chief function of the rag stunts is to collect crowds where magazines and car competition tickets can be sold, or to get local and national publicity for the rag. Most of the stunts have official backing, but even Birmingham students, who claim to be on friendly terms with the Lord Mayor and the police and to have the best rag-public relations in the country, have hotheads among them.

On Midland television last year a speaker who was criticizing the "foolish pranks of undergraduates" described Birmingham as a "red-brick university whose students don't go in for such nonsense as debagging people." Twenty seconds later he was facing a million viewers in his shirt tails. Some Birmingham University students in the audience had objected to the term "red-brick."

Manchester University Union has found what it thinks is the best method of controlling the more violent and adventurous spirits. An organization known as "Rag Commando" carries out "unofficial" stunts sufficiently daring to satisfy the most high-spirited students. The leader, "Gus" MacLean, is careful that the stunts chosen should involve no risks to anyone but the "commandos," and no breach of good taste.

MacLean plans his stunts with military precision, and uses the latest equipment, including walkie-talkie radio sets, in carrying them out. Last year he organized the climbing of Holme Moss television mast, one of the highest structures in Britain.

In spite of Arctic-like cold and a 70 m.p.h. wind a flag was placed six hundred feet up the mast.

This year Rag Commando went one better. After a three-day reconnaissance, MacLean succeeded in leading a party inside Calder Hall atomic power station, in spite of wire fences, security guards and floodlighting. Once inside, the students climbed a 250-foot tower and placed on it a Russian flag, and a banner inscribed in Russian, "Support the Rag."

"The security men were waiting for us by the time we got back to Manchester," says MacLean. "Things were very hot for a time, but in the end the government took the view that we had been of service in showing how easily the place could be entered."

THE END

Picture of Innocence

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR DION

Little Miss Mary thought they were such nice, kind gentlemen . . . experts, too. One of them was sure to pay her a good price

THE arrangement between Aubrey Himper and Carl Dorrington of the Dorrington Galleries worked very well. Both firms were in the market for old prints, period china and glass, and it was in a spirit of mutual assistance that the arrangement came into being.

"Nice people," Himper argued, "particularly old people, need careful handling. When an elderly colonel on a small pension offers a tea-pot that belonged to his great-grandfather, and knows it's valuable, you've got to be very careful."

"True," said Dorrington.

"Suppose it's worth fifty. Suggest ten, and he wonders if you're trying to do him. He may part with it at that price, but he's resentful. He won't recommend you to his friends."

"That's so."

"There's a simple alternative. I'm sympathetic. I tell him I can't afford to raise my figure. But why not get a second opinion? Try the Dorrington Galleries. A first-class firm. Mention my name." Himper smiled with the benediction of a bishop. "While he's on his way, I phone you."

Dorrington pursed appreciative lips.

"And then," said Himper, "you offer him ten, and in the end, with courteous reluctance, you make it twelve. He's still disappointed—but he's grateful. That's the point, grateful. Grateful to both of us. It'll pay, I'm sure it will. You use the same drill with your clients, and we split the profits. Yes?"

"Joyfully, yes," said Dorrington.

That was how, in the course of profitable time, both firms came to receive a visit from Miss Mary Forsyth, small, frail, genteel, in her fading seventies, with transparent skin, a clear little voice, and good, well-worn clothes that were out of date. She entered Himper's one morning carrying an attaché case. She may have been a trifle nervous, but this was balanced by a certain poise from the better-off past.

She coughed, and said inquiringly: "You advertise for old prints?"

"We do, madam." Himper bowed. He

"They're genuine, aren't they?" Miss Mary asked hopefully, watching the dealer finger the prints. "Without a doubt," said Himper

specialized in prints. Dorrington's expert line was china.

"My late dear brother," said Miss Mary, "collected antiques of all kinds for years and years. He was very skilled in such matters."

"Indeed?" Himper's manner conveyed that nothing in the world could be more interesting than Miss Forsyth's late dear brother.

"Mind you," she said, with a discreet ghost of a titter, "he made a few mistakes. Who doesn't in the course of a life of collecting? But not many. Oh dear me, no."

There was a pause, while she sighed. "The house is full of his treasures. I hate to have to sell any. But you can guess how it is for some of us—a modest, fixed income, and the cost of living going up and up."

There was a richness of sympathy and understanding in Himper's slow nod.

Miss Mary opened the case and took out a flat brown-paper package. As she began to unwrap it she said: "I have here two prints of a series of four, 'The Country Sportsman.'"

Himper's eyes flickered. "Osterlein?"

Miss Mary nodded. "I'm told they're valuable."

Himper held the prints in white, plump fingers and looked at them, frowning.

"They're genuine, aren't they?" Miss Mary said, watching him hopefully.

"Without a doubt."

"And they're worth . . . ?"

"To me, fifteen pounds."

Her mouth quivered. "I understood they ought to fetch at least fifty."

"If you had the other two, to make the set complete, I could offer you eighty for the four. As it is. . . ." Himper shook his head, and went on with touching gentleness: "I'm sorry. I'm sure you must be so disappointed. But, madam, may I offer you a piece of advice, based on years of professional experience? Why not get a second opinion?"

"A second opinion?"

"Yes. There's always the chance of getting more from another dealer. The Dorrington Galleries, for instance—a firm of the highest repute. They're in Westmere Street, not five minutes from here. Ask for Mr. Carl Dorrington. Mention my name."

"It's extremely kind of you to suggest it," said Miss Mary.

"Not a bit, not a bit." Himper bowed her out, went to the phone, and told Carl Dorrington what to expect. "Start off with fifteen," he said. "If she jibs, rise to twenty. They're worth every penny of sixty."

SEVEN minutes later Miss Mary was being received by Mr. Carl Dorrington. His smooth, heavy cheeks and smiling blue eyes radiated a kind of comfortable honesty.

"Recommended by Mr. Himper? Ah, yes, yes. One of our leading authorities, of course. Now, please, don't hurry yourself. Please take a chair, madam. London can be very wearing, can it not? To my mind it gets busier every day."

Miss Mary sat down. She explained about her visit to Himper. She said: "With very great kindness he suggested that you might be disposed to make a higher offer." She unfastened the case. "Here are the prints."

Dorrington considered them. His brows puckered a trifle. He said with exactly the right touch of deference: "Will you forgive me a minute while I consult a friend of mine?"

"Why, of course."

In the small office at the back of the shop Dorrington picked up his phone.

"That you, Himper?" he said. "Dorrington here. Listen. They don't strike me as anything to write home about. The Osterleins, I mean."

Himper's voice sounded a bit impatient. "They're gems. If you're talking about the ungainly figure of the man, the gun out of all proportion, the peculiar shape of the dog, that was characteristic of Osterlein. A kind of lampoon of——"

"Yes, I know. But these don't seem to——"

"If you're claiming to know more about the subject than I . . ." said Himper sharply.

"I'm not. I only thought that——"

"Well, don't. As I told you, they'd fetch sixty anywhere. Tell her fifteen. If she digs her toes in, you can make it twenty."

"Right," said Dorrington.

At Dorrington's first offer, Miss Mary turned sad and silent. After a great deal of polite discussion, much too elegant to be called haggling, Dorrington finally bought them for twenty. As he showed Miss Mary out he told himself that there went another client who believed she had been treated with the utmost generosity.

Back home, in the last house at the end of the village, a place crammed with Georgian and Victorian knick-knacks, Miss Mary was greeted by her stout, elderly, genteel sister, Miss Agnes.

"Well, dear, how did you get on?"

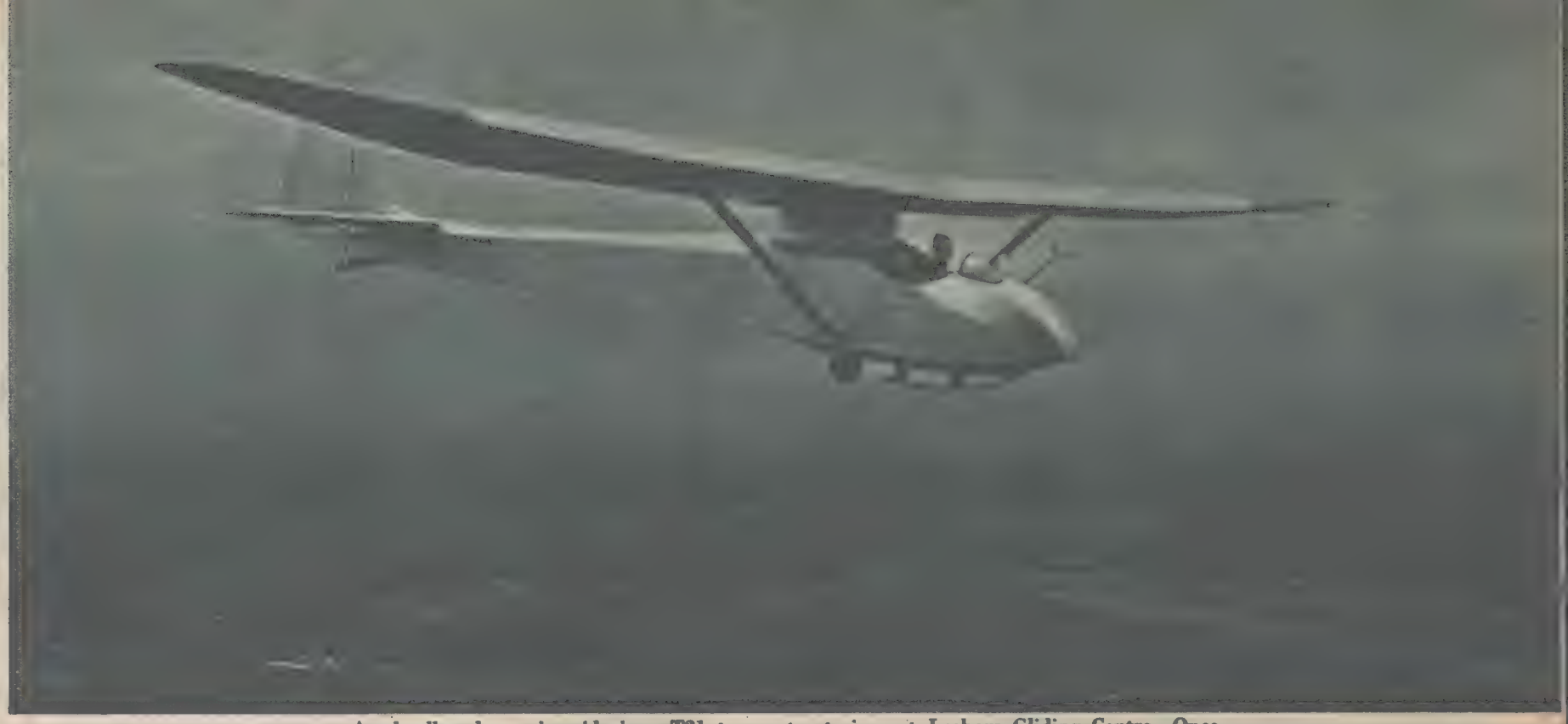
Miss Mary sat down with a purr of relief and said: "Oh dear, London's so tiring. But never mind, they fetched twenty."

Miss Agnes clapped her hands. Miss Mary opened the attaché case. Out of it she took a flat package and unwrapped it, to reveal the two prints she had shown to Aubrey Himper.

"After all," she said, "our late dear brother paid a lot of money for the two I sold to Mr. Dorrington, although they were copies."

"And after all," said Miss Agnes, "Mr. Himper and the Dorrington Galleries cheated me when I sold them that Waterford glass. So all we've done is to get our money back, isn't it?"

"Just that," said Miss Mary. THE END



A schoolboy has a joy-ride in a T21 two-seater trainer at Lasham Gliding Centre. Once Piggott took a pupil up through a thundercloud to 17,000 feet to break a British height record

Miss Elspeth Campbell is one of Derek Piggott's women pupils. Another girl was so nervous during her first flight that he had to hold her hand

His pupils ride the stormclouds

by ALAN LLOYD

Priest or débutante, typist or gravedigger: Derek Piggott teaches them all to soar the Hampshire skies like seagulls

CRUISING in a two-seater sailplane with an A.T.C. cadet on a hot summer day, Derek Piggott, chief flying instructor at Lasham Gliding Centre near Alton, Hampshire, manoeuvred under a huge black stormcloud which had a ceiling of about 20,000 feet. Soon the circling glider was rising at considerably more than a thousand feet a minute, lifted by the strong up-currents in the cloud. Visibility became so poor that they could not see the wing tips.

"How high can we go without oxygen?" asked the cadet apprehensively when they reached eight thousand feet. "About fifteen thousand," replied Piggott, who thought that the "lift" would not hold for more than another couple of thousand. When the altimeter registered 15,000 feet, and they were still climbing, Piggott's passenger turned to him apologetically. "I don't think I can go on much longer, sir," he said.

"Well, you certainly can't get out," Piggott told him, and kept the glider climbing until they reached 17,000 feet and broke the British record for two-seater sailplanes.

The cadet, revived with a strong cup of cocoa, was even more delighted than Piggott, a lean, dark-haired, former R.A.F. pilot who, at thirty-four, now earns a thousand pounds a year teaching people to fly gliders.

When the weather permits, Piggott starts flying first thing in the morning and continues until darkness forces him to stop. And in the evenings he gives lectures, supervises maintenance work on gliders, and deals with administrative problems.

Gliding has now become so popular in this country that the British Gliding Association reports frustration due to an insufficiency of club aircraft and sites. In 1954 about seven thousand flights were made at Lasham. Last year the figure was slightly more than twenty-one thousand, or one flight every twelve minutes during the hours of daylight. Piggott's passengers have included Sir John Hunt and McDonald Hobley; his pupils Michael Pertwee and other celebrities, together with doctors, débutantes, typists, a Roman Catholic priest, a window cleaner and a gravedigger. Their ages have ranged from twelve to over sixty.

Piggott tests each new club glider in the air before he allows his pupils to use it. Test-flying an aircraft recently, he checked his altitude and put the glider into a vertical dive.

Before the airspeed indicator registered 120 m.p.h., the maximum safe speed of the glider, Piggott gave the altimeter a second glance. His loss of height in the dive convinced him that his airspeed indicator must be wrong and that he was, in fact, travelling faster than 120 m.p.h.

If he had relied on the faulty airspeed indicator the result might have been fatal. For, long before the glider reached its acceleration limit of about 350 m.p.h. he would certainly have lost control. "It doesn't pay to rely on second

Training is theoretical as well as practical, and if Piggott is too busy flying to give his lectures the pupils can play recordings of them in the bar

Sir John Hunt (left), conqueror of Everest, is one of the celebrities that Piggott has flown

chances," Piggott tells his pupils. "It's better to base your decisions on the probability that they won't occur."

Once, guilty of lack of caution himself, Piggott had to thank a pupil for averting what could have been a nasty incident. After eating mushrooms at lunch he began to feel unwell, but decided to risk one more instructional flight before postponing further training.

He took off with his pupil in a dual control aircraft for a circuit and landing. At the top of the launch he became dizzy, then passed out. When he regained consciousness a few minutes later his pupil was completing a copybook landing. Piggott was ill with food poisoning for the rest of the day.

According to Piggott, gliding is safer than playing football. Modern training techniques, many of them based on R.A.F. experience, have replaced the solo "slides and hops" of prewar nursery gliding. At Lasham, primary instruction takes place in a T21 two-seater in which pupil and instructor sit side by side.

Launched to a thousand feet on a wire cable behind a tow car, the glider will fly for about five minutes after cutting loose on a day when there are no favourable up-currents in the air.

The effect of the launching, during which the glider climbs like a kite at the rate of fifteen hundred feet a minute; is like going up in a fast lift. Nervous people tend to be frightened by the climb and often hold on to the side of the cockpit.

ONE girl clutched at the control column in her anxiety and shook it from side to side. When the wings rocked in consequence, the driver of the tow car thought it was the recognized signal informing him that the take-off was too slow and immediately increased speed. The glider accelerated at an undue rate.

"That didn't help matters at all," says Piggott, who finally completed the circuit holding the pupil's hand.

His worst passenger was his wife, who simply shut her eyes and shouted: "I don't like it, take me down." She has since resisted every attempt to get her into a glider.

A retired colonial official of sixty-two told Piggott that he had wanted to fly a glider for as long as he could remember, but his wife had always prevented him from learning. Finally he had slipped away for a course without her knowledge. He managed to fly solo in fourteen days. The number of launches normally required before pupils make their first solo flights, with ballast in the instructor's seat, varies between thirty and sixty depending on the mind and muscle co-ordination of the individual. But a schoolboy once "soloed" on his sixteenth birthday after no more than eight previous flights. One girl took two years, and more than two hundred flights, to achieve the same end. "She flies quite nicely now," says Piggott.

Normally the flying speed of a glider is 40 m.p.h., but pilots frequently fly at 70 m.p.h. between areas of "lift" on cross-country flights. A glider sinks at three feet a second in normal weather and rises at ten feet a second in an average thermal. These are created over towns, areas of concrete, or any patch of ground that gets warmer than the surrounding countryside, causing the air above to become less dense, unstable, and to rise like a large bubble.

To Piggott, cloud flying is the "big game hunting" of gliding. He never misses a chance to exploit the strong up-currents in large formations of cumulus cloud. During a record flight in a stormcloud, violent turbulence once threatened to break up Piggott's glider at 14,000 feet, and strong electric shocks from the controls caused him to shout in discomfort.

He continued to climb until the altimeter registered over 20,000 feet. Already suffering from vertigo because of the rough ride he was also forced to hold his hand out of the cockpit and direct the slipstream on to his face to prevent anoxia through lack of oxygen. He decided that it was unsafe to go any higher. Throughout much of the descent he was semi-conscious, and for a week after landing he experienced bouts of depression. But he had taken a single-seater sailplane higher over Britain than anyone else before or since. The needle of the device making the official record of the flight had run off the top of its chart at 22,000 feet.

Piggott is fascinated by the unpredictable nature of meteorological conditions. Experienced pilots are not usually keen to fly at the end of the day when thermals have normally disappeared. But when Piggott recently took off from the far end of the airfield to fly a glider home to the hangar, unexpected "lift" took him straight to 5,000 feet, and he was able to end the day with twenty minutes of aerobatics.

Although it is a rule of cross-country flying that pilots shall declare a goal before they take off, they often have very limited control over where they will finally land. They come to expect any sort of reception on returning to earth.

One of Piggott's advanced pupils who landed in a small meadow beside a remote farmhouse on the South Downs was surprised to find the farmer adept at dismantling the glider—until he learned that he was the third pilot to land in the same meadow in recent years.

ANOTHER Lasham club member, who came down in a field near Basingstoke during the National Gliding Championships in 1955, was chased by a bull which gored a hole in the wing of the sailplane. A pilot stranded in Cornwall worked in the fields for two days to repay a farmer who gave him a bed and food when the car and trailer Piggott was driving out from Lasham broke down.

Of the hundreds of pupils who have passed through Piggott's hands only two failed to complete the course. One was a first World War pilot who expected to find gliding easy. Piggott had to tell him tactfully that he was temperamentally unsuited to the sport.

Summer holiday course members pay sixteen guineas a week for instruction and full board, which includes canteen food, camp-style lodging in a bunkhouse, and use of the club bar. And when Piggott found that some of his would-be glider pilots were sitting in the clubhouse with nothing to do while waiting their turns to fly, he obtained a second-hand tape recorder and dictated instructions into it. Now, while he is flying with one pupil, those who are not carrying out ground duties listen to recorded pre-flight lectures on procedure and care in the air.

The responsibility, not only for the safety of members, but also for the aircraft, which are worth over £1,000 each, often tests Piggott's nerves. Once he saw a woman pilot misjudge her approach in a field landing and head straight for a row of trees.

Suddenly he realized that if only she would alter course slightly to bring the glider to rest against a nearby haystack it would avert damage to the fibreglass moulding of the aircraft and possible harm to its occupant.

At the last minute the glider swung to one side and came to a stop with its nose tucked comfortably in the hay.

"To this day I believe that I willed her to do it," says Piggott. THE END

HORNBLOWER and St. Elizabeth of Hungary

by C. S. FORESTER

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Never had he served his country so well. This was the greatest moment of his career—and it broke his heart

REAR-ADMIRAL LORD HORNBLOWER was making a desperate gamble. The ex-privateer Daring—fast, well-armed and with five hundred French soldiers on board, was loose in the Caribbean. They could strike anywhere. But Hornblower had based his plans on a private theory: that the French were heading for St. Helena—to free Napoleon Bonaparte. . . .

Hornblower, Commander-in-Chief of Britain's shrunken peacetime fleet in the West Indies, first saw the American ship Daring at New Orleans. She was chartered to Count Cambronne, a French general. Cambronne was to pick up five hundred former members of Napoleon's Imperial Guard from Mexico—ostensibly to take them home to France. But Daring's stores betrayed his real purpose: they were Bonapartist uniforms—and muskets.

Cambronne won the first trick. While Hornblower was at a consular reception, Daring slipped quietly away. In his tiny flagship, the schooner Crab, Hornblower could never overtake her. So he risked everything in a gruelling race to the Tobago Channel to head Daring off.

The journey might turn out to be a fool's errand—Hornblower knew that. But if he did meet Daring it would mean something far worse. For Hornblower could think of only one way to stop such a powerful ship. And that would cost him his career.

Grimly, bleakly patient, Hornblower waited as Crab crept towards a ship becalmed in the narrow channel. Now Harcourt, the schooner's captain, was at the mainmast head. When he came down his eyes were shining.

"That's Daring, My Lord. I'm sure of it. . . ."

FINAL INSTALMENT

Crab Closes The Gap

TEN miles apart they lay, on the brilliant blue of the sea, with the brilliant blue of the sky above them, and, on the far horizon, a smudge of land. Crab had won her race by twenty-five hours. Daring was "boxing the compass," swinging idly in all directions under her pyramids of sails in the absence of all wind: Crab carried her way for a while longer, and then she, too, fell motionless.

All eyes turned on the admiral, standing stiffly with his hands locked behind him, gazing at the distant white rectangles that indicated where lay his fate.

The schooner's big mainsail flapped idly, flapped again, and then the boom began to swing over. "Hands to the sheets!" yelled Harcourt.

The air was so light that they could not even feel it on their sweating faces; but it sufficed to push the booms out, and a moment later the helmsman could feel the rudder take hold just enough to give him control. With Crab's bowsprit pointed straight at Daring the breath of wind was coming in over the starboard quarter, almost dead astern, almost foul for Daring if ever it should reach her.

The breath of wind increased until they could feel it, until they could hear under the bows the music of the schooner's progress through the water, and then it died away abruptly, leaving Crab to wallow on the swell. Then it breathed again, over the port quarter this time, and then it drew farther aft, so that the topsails were braced square and the foresail could be hauled over to the port side and Crab ran wing-and-wing for ten blessed minutes, until the wind dropped again, to a dead flaming calm.

Then they could see Daring catch a wind, see her trim her sails, but only momentarily, only long enough to reveal her intentions before she lay once more helpless. Despite her vast sail area her greater dead weight made her less susceptible to these very faint airs.

"Thank God for that," said Gerard, Hornblower's flag lieutenant, glass to his eye, as he watched her swing idly again. "I think she aims to pass us beyond cannon-shot, My Lord."

"I shouldn't be surprised at that," agreed Hornblower.

Another breath, another slight closing of the gap, another dead calm.

"Mr. Harcourt, perhaps it would be best if you let the men have their dinners now."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

Salt beef and pease pudding under a noonday sun in the tropics—who could have any appetite for that, especially with the excitement of watching for a wind? And in the middle of dinner hands were sent again to the sheets to take advantage of another breath of wind.

"He's hoisted his colours, My Lord," pointed out Gerard, "American colours."

The Stars and Stripes, regarding which he had been ordered to be particularly tender. But he

"It cannot be true," Cambronne declared. "I

ssure you it is, Count," replied Hornblower. A muscle in the Frenchman's cheek twitched restlessly beside his purple scar. "I do not believe you," he said

could be nothing else in any case, seeing that Daring mounted twelve-pounders and was full of men.

Now both vessels had a wind, but Crab was creeping bravely along at a full two knots, and Daring, trying to head to the southward close hauled, was hardly moving; now she was not moving at all, turning aimlessly in a breeze too faint to give her steerage way.

"I can see very few people on her deck, My Lord," said Harcourt; the eye with which he had been staring through his glass was watering with the glare of sun and sea.

"She'd keep 'em below out of sight," said Gerard.

That was so likely as to be certain. Whatever Daring, and Cambronne, thought of Crab's intentions, it would be safest to conceal the fact that she had five hundred men on board while heading for the South Atlantic.

And between her and that South Atlantic lay Crab, the frailest barrier imaginable. Let Daring once pass through the channel out into the open sea and nothing could be done to stop her. No ship could hope to overtake her. She would reach St. Helena to strike her blow there, and no possible warning could be given.

It was now or never, and it was Hornblower's fault that matters had reached such a pass. He had been utterly fooled in New Orleans. He had allowed Cambronne to steal a march on him. Now he had to make any sacrifice that circumstances demanded of him, any sacrifice whatever, to redeem the peace of the world. Crab could do nothing to stop Daring. It could only be done by his own personal exertions.

"Mr. Harcourt," said Hornblower, in his harsh, expressionless monotone. "I'll have the quarter-boat cleared away ready to lower, if you please. Have a full boat's crew told off, to double bank the oars."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

"Who'll go in her, My Lord?" asked Gerard.

"I will," said Hornblower.

The mainsail flapped, the boom came creaking inboard, swung out again, swung in. The breeze was dying away again. For a few minutes more Crab held her course, and then the bowsprit began to turn away from Daring.

"Can't keep her on her course, sir," reported the quartermaster.

Hornblower swept his gaze round the horizon in the blazing afternoon. There was no sign of a further breeze. The decisive moment had come, and he snapped his telescope shut.

"I'll take that boat now, Mr. Harcourt."

"Let me come too, My Lord," said Gerard, a note of protest in his voice.

"No," said Hornblower. In case a breeze should get up during the next hour, he wanted no useless weight in the boat while crossing the two-mile gap.

"Put your backs into it," said Hornblower to the boat's crew, as they shoved off.

The oar blades dipped in the blue, blue water, shining gold against the blue. The boat rounded Crab's stern, with anxious eyes looking down on them; Hornblower brought the tiller over and pointed straight for Daring.

They soared up a gentle swell, and down again, up again and down again; with each rise and fall Crab was perceptibly smaller and Daring perceptibly larger, lovely in the afternoon light, during what Hornblower told himself were the last hours of his professional life.

They drew nearer and nearer to Daring, until at last a hail came borne by the heated air.

"Boat ahoy!"

"Coming aboard!" hailed Hornblower back again. He stood up in the sternsheets so that his gold laced admiral's uniform was in plain sight.

"Keep off!" hailed the voice, but Hornblower held his course. There could be no international incident made out of this, an unarmed boat's crew taking an admiral on board a becalmed ship. He directed the boat towards the mizzen chains.

"Keep off!" hailed the voice, an American voice.

Hornblower swung the boat in. "In oars!" he ordered.

With the way she carried, the boat surged towards the ship; Hornblower timed his movements to the best of his ability, knowing his own clumsiness. He leaped for the chains, got one shoe full of water, but held on and dragged himself up.

"Lie off and wait for me," he ordered the boat's crew, and then turned to swing himself over on to the deck of the ship.

The tall man with a cigar in his mouth must be the American captain, the burly fellow beside him one of the mates. The guns were cast off, although not run out, and the American seamen were standing round them ready to open fire.

"Did you hear me say keep off, mister?" asked the captain.

"I must apologize for this intrusion, sir," said Hornblower. "I am Rear-Admiral Lord Hornblower of His Britannic Majesty's service, and I have the most urgent business with Count Cambronne."

For a moment on the sunlit deck they stood and looked at each other, and then Hornblower saw Cambronne approaching.

"Ah, Count," said Hornblower, and then made himself speak French. "It is a pleasure to meet *monsieur le comte* again." He took off his cocked hat and held it over his breast and doubled himself in a bow, which he knew to be ungainly.

"And to what do I owe this pleasure, milord?" asked Cambronne. He was standing very stiff and straight, his moustache bristling out on either side.

"I have come to bring you the very worst of news, I regret to say," said Hornblower. Through many sleepless nights had he rehearsed these speeches to himself. Now he was forcing himself to make them naturally. "And I have come also to do you a service, Count."

"What did you wish to say, milord?"

"Bad news."

"Well?"

"It is with the deepest regret, Count, that I have to inform you of the death of your Emperor."

"No!"

"The Emperor Napoleon died at St. Helena last month. I offer you my sympathy, Count." Hornblower told the lie with every effort to appear like a man speaking the truth.

"It cannot be true."

"I assure you that it is, Count."

A muscle in the Count's cheek twitched restlessly beside the purple scar. The hard, slightly protruding eyes bored into Hornblower's like gimlets.

"I received the news two days back in Port-of-Spain," said Hornblower. "In consequence, I cancelled the arrangements I had made for the arrest of this ship."

Cambronne could not guess that Crab had not made as quick a passage as Hornblower indicated.

"I do not believe you," said Cambronne, nevertheless. It was just the sort of tale that might be told to halt Daring in her passage.

"Sir!" said Hornblower, haughtily. He drew himself up even stiffer, acting as well as he could the part of the man of honour whose word was being impugned. The pose was almost successful.

"You must understand the importance of what are you saying, milord," said Cambronne, with the faintest hint of apology in his voice. But then he said the fatal dreaded words that Hornblower had been expecting. "Milord, do you give me your word of honour as a gentleman that what you say is true?"

"My word of honour as a gentleman," said Hornblower.

He had anticipated this moment in misery for days and days. He was ready for it. He compelled himself to make his answer in the manner of a man of honour. He made himself say it steadily and sincerely, as if it did not break his heart to say it. He had been sure that Cambronne would ask him for his word of honour.

It was the last sacrifice he could make. In twenty years of war he had freely risked his life for his country. He had endured danger, anxiety, hardship. He had never until now been asked to give his honour. This was the further price he had to pay.

It was through his own fault that the peace of the world was in peril. It was fitting that

Continued on page 29

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A brilliant new novel, as exciting as The Searchers.... *A tender love story set amid the savagery and splendour of wildest Texas*

THE UNFORGIVEN

by ALAN LE MAY

Allen with Clark Gable and Ava Gardner in Kenya. One night a hippopotamus nearly mowed down Gable's tent

MY CHAMPAGNE SAFARIS

Film stars and rich Americans are my clients. They court jungle dangers with iced cocktails in their hands

by **BUNNY ALLEN**

WHEN it comes to exploring Africa in luxury, it is hard to beat the film industry. The safari for *Mogambo*, for example, was the largest of its kind ever planned. Costing £10,000 a day, it employed two hundred white people and seven hundred Africans, and utilized two airstrips and three private radio stations.

The camp was superbly comfortable. John Ford, the director, declared that he had gained a notable victory when he finally persuaded his tent servant to let him take off his own boots.

For my part, it all began with a telegram asking me to go to Nairobi to meet Stan Goldsmith, a production supervisor from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and his assistant, Jim Henderling, who wanted me to take on the entire management of the safari in the field. We met, decided we could work together, and began to come to terms. For my personal services, quite apart from the use of my men, equipment and catering facilities, I asked £300 a month. They at once proposed that I should be paid £350.

When I suggested that I would need one camp manager, one caterer and six assistant white hunters, they said it would be better to have two camp managers, two caterers and twelve assistant hunters. I nodded and let it be, thinking it all fantastic.

I was required to begin work right away and promised to start on the following Monday, immediately after a polo tournament.

"Polo?" queried Goldsmith in horror. "That could be dangerous. We'd better have you insured."

I nodded again. It was just as well I didn't argue. During the tournament my pony crossed its legs. I had a bad fall and began *Mogambo* with a limp. This time the customers had really been right.

The main camp for the safari was built in pouring rain on the banks of a small river, seventy miles from the nearest village. For days we searched for a suitable site for an airstrip, but the camp was completely surrounded by ant hills, some of them twelve feet high. The film men were not unduly depressed. Money was no object, they explained.

Fifty miles away, a government road-building unit was at work. We hired a bulldozer from it. Then we recruited 170 local Africans as well, and had them flatten hundreds of square yards of ant hills by hand. The airstrip eventually cost more than £7,000.

When the planes arrived, they brought every conceivable type of equipment, including a cinema projector and screen, radiograms, a maple wood dance floor and, among sundry items, two hundred coat hangers, eighteen hot water bottles, seventy-eight bath mats and thirty-six tea strainers.

My wife, Murielle, is an excellent organizer, and in no time she bought, hired or had made tents for nine hundred people. I was compelled to leave all this to her while I flew round in one of three hired Dakotas looking for locations, going to locations which the unit had already found, advising the company on which animals could be filmed under the best conditions, checking on water supplies and discovering what local co-operation was available. Altogether, I flew continuously for twenty-five days, while the main camp acquired much of the appearance, but nothing of the atmosphere, of a Boy Scout jamboree.

Then the stars—Clark Gable, Grace Kelly and Ava Gardner—flew in. I warned them that the cookhouse was not yet fully organized and that

Fifteen American women went on one safari with Allen. Each evening they drank aperitifs in front of a log fire and ate smoked salmon or caviare. Then, after baths, dinner of lobster and chicken was served

they would have to make do with a simple lunch. They had grapefruit cocktails, asparagus soup, roast turkey, garden peas, sweet corn and sherry trifle.

"If this is the horror of the bush," declared Clark Gable, "I'm all for it."

All night long we heard hippo noises, and I was worried in case someone should encounter a hippo on a narrow path at night. The hippo likes to stray many miles from home in search of green shoots and other delicacies. On the whole he is a very peaceful beast, but if he encounters a man at night, on a narrow path, he is inclined to think that his way has been barred, and will charge in fright.

It fell to Gable to discover how alarming the peace-loving hippo can be. Returning to his tent in the early hours of the morning, he bumped almost straight into one. Forgetting the need to get off the path as fast as possible, he made for his tent, trying to pass the hippo. The huge beast hesitated for a moment, then it wheeled and almost mowed down the tent in its panic to be off.

This, nevertheless, was only one of many unexpected encounters with the animals which surrounded us. The camp turned out to be sited in the home territory of three lions. They gradually became used to us, aware that we were not hunting them.

There is some dispute in Africa whether lions are in fact lion-hearted, but certainly the *Mogambo* lions were not lacking in either courage or plain cheek. One cold November night, when the camp was asleep, they came right into our open kitchens and warmed themselves cosily at our fires.

When the cooks who were on early shift arrived to bake bread, they saw the lions and promptly bolted. As they rushed out of the kitchen howling: "*Simba! Simba!*"—the native word for lion—no one else stirred. Such was the controlled lunacy of the *Mogambo* unit that hysterical cooks passed unnoticed.

The lions left slowly, quietly and with immense dignity.

That morning there was no bread. Breakfast, and consequently the shooting schedules, was delayed. John Ford, his eyes sparking behind coloured glasses, pointed out that the lions were interfering with production. He went on to remark that since I was so enthusiastic about lions, and was always talking about them and their playful habits, I should go out to my furry friends and persuade them to enjoy themselves in some other place.

Gable was not on the call-sheet for that morning and he asked to help me carry out Ford's idea. We left camp together. Gable shot a zebra, and we had it tied behind a truck and dragged for a mile down the track before hanging it up on a tree for the lions to eat. It was an unpleasant thing to do, but it was important that we moved the lions. Benevolent as they seemed to be, they might be frightened while in the camp and be forced to attack. It was in the general interest that they should be tempted to eat a zebra rather than a Hollywood star or a cook.

Lions, for all their pride, strength and beauty, are idle beasts. They will rarely refuse a safe, free meal, or insist on killing their own meat. Our three were rapidly attracted to the zebra bait.

For five days I fed them in this way, at the expense of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and took parties out to look at them. Gable, Grace Kelly and Ava Gardner each went twice.

Grace Kelly has been criticized as "The luke-warm belle of the county ball," "The girl who always wears gloves" and "The girl who would never let an anecdote happen to her," but when I saw her in Africa, living as close to Nature as any film star can, she was far from being cold and distant. She was radiantly happy.

Ava Gardner, on the other hand, was quiet and depressed. She said she was missing her husband, Frank Sinatra.

At last, Sinatra came to join us. Ava could not have been more pleased. The pair of them seemed lyrically happy, and bathed together in the "pool"—a dammed part of a slow-moving river. Before any of the unit swam in it, we had ten native drummers beating up-river, and a further ten throwing rocks into the water to keep crocodiles away. For there were man-eating crocodiles in the vicinity, as well as other crocodiles which were liable to take a sly snap at a swimmer.

For those of us on location, work progressed in that hectic, unpredictable, regardless-of-expense manner beloved by the film industry.

The script called for a black leopard —a comparatively rare animal—but for some time no black leopard could be found to fill the part. Two were specially imported from United States zoos, but Ford was not satisfied with them. One was getting on in years, wanted a quiet time and possessed a bald patch which an adventurous member of the make-up department had to cover regularly with a toupée. The other leopard was camera shy.

In the end, I had a black leopard trapped on Mount Kenya, caged and brought down to the camp. It played its part almost too well.

The leopard had to appear in a tree, prepare to spring on Grace Kelly, then be shot by Clark Gable. Kelly and Gable took their places; the leopard, in its cage, was concealed in the tree.

The camera began to roll and the leopard's cage was opened. Free at last, the beast walked delicately out on to a branch. Suddenly, I saw that it was beside itself with fury, taking its part very seriously indeed, and coming down the tree much faster than we had estimated.

I fired over Gable's shoulder and the leopard died cleanly. Ford obtained the shot he needed, but it was a far closer call than I had expected. In the film, the expression on Grace Kelly's face is of genuine fear.

Mogambo also had a shot of a hippo almost overturning a canoe. This also happened quite without planning. A hippo in the Ksinko Canal took an unrehearsed dislike to the canoe and, fortunately, a camera was there to record the animal's anger.

Rhinos were even more annoyed at our intrusion into their homeland. One chased a camera car for miles over rough country, and the camera received such a jolting that it almost had to be written off. Another rhino took grave offence at my car, and charged at it while I was on the roof with a camera-man.

"Swing round," I roared to my driver, thinking of our safety—and even more of the money which the car had cost me.

But the driver's reactions were slow and the rhino made for my radiator, head on. As the driver managed to turn the car, the rhino seemed to change his mind. I could have sworn the expression on his face changed from irritation to one of: "I wonder if this is going to hurt."

He struck the car half-heartedly, stove in the door and generally made a very sorry mess of one side. All the same, for a rhino the damage was negligible, and I hope he felt ashamed of himself as he shambled off.

As I mentioned to Ford, the rhino delights in rough games. The calf stays with its mother until it is almost two years old, and its horn has grown dangerously strong. Young rhinos tend to butt their mothers while they feed—as any calves will—and it is not unknown for a feeding calf to kill its mother.

"Very well," said Ford, "let's get some of this rhino rough stuff on film. The script calls for a rhino charging through a camp."

Accordingly, we captured a young rhino. It weighed four thousand pounds, and had a hide one and a half inches thick. We put it in a stockade, around which was built a dummy camp, and when the camera was ready, we opened the stockade. The rhino came roaring out, tearing up the camp at a rate of about £100 a second, tossing chairs twenty-five feet into the air, bursting sacks of flour and chasing the extras, who were playing the parts of gun-bearers.

It was a most satisfying performance which must have cost thousands of pounds. The only disappointment was

Allen teaches a woman to shoot. He is expert in firing just after a client, so that his bullet is last to go in—but makes sure of the kill

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that it was left out of the finished film.

We were still in the camp at Christmas time. Normally we ate in small dining units of fifteen, but on Christmas Day we were all together in a great L-shaped tent. We sat down to a traditional Christmas dinner, which included Christmas pudding and mince pies. Each of the two hundred white people had a bottle of champagne. My seven hundred boys, with no taste for anything so unlikely, were perfectly happy with native beer.

Another film with which I was associated was *Where No Vultures Fly*. Harry Watt, the director, and Leslie Norman, the associate producer, arrived in Kenya from Ealing Studios and asked if I would take on the whole safari. But we couldn't agree on terms and Tony Dower, another hunter, got the job.

Towards the end of the film, though, Tony had so much work to do that the Ealing men asked me to help with an elephant scene, and I agreed.

According to the script, the elephant had to charge and be shot by the hero, Anthony Steel. Luckily, a dead elephant had already been found, and sequences in which Steel stood beside it, gun in hand, had been filmed. But there remained the problem of getting another elephant—similar in size and colour to the dead one—to charge at the camera and complete the scene.

There was a suggestion that I should put on Steel's clothes and act as his double, but Steel refused to hear of it. He wanted to be on the set in person. This was plucky, because if the elephant seemed likely to run him down, he would have to shoot it. He hadn't any shooting experience, to my knowledge, and none of hunting elephant.

As it happened, we managed to find a co-operative elephant which did a wonderful false charge. It came to within fifteen yards of the camera, then jammed on its brakes, pulled up in a cloud of dust and softly lumbered away.

Large film units, of course, visit Kenya only from time to time. Most of my safari clients come in small groups.

My normal estimate for the cost of a comfortable two-man, thirty-four day safari is £1,100. Hunting licences, the cost of which depend on the animals the clients wish to shoot, average an extra £180 per person.

Relying on many years' experience of the bush, I try to arrange things beforehand so that clients will meet plenty of thrills. But nearly always the most exciting events are the surprise items.

One September afternoon in 1947, an American plastic surgeon named Doctor van Wedel, and two other clients, Bob Johnson and Bob Johnson, junior, of Oklahoma City, were returning to camp with me after hunting elephant in thick bush near Lake Manyara. We were tired and relaxed.

Suddenly, the two African trackers ahead of us stopped. I knew from their action that our path was barred. Then, as trackers are instructed to do on such occasions, they vanished into the bush.

I thought that perhaps a rhino might have caught our scent. But I soon saw that *three* rhinos were charging at us from a distance of only twenty feet, and that they were gathering speed. The path was only three feet wide, but rhinos can plough through bush as if it doesn't exist. One rhino was coming straight at me; the second, just behind it, was half on the track and half in the bush. The third, a hefty calf, tagged on in the rear.

The leader was a mere nine feet away when I first got a sight on him. Bringing my rifle up to aim was a completely automatic movement. I fired two shots. Bob Johnson, junior, fired over my shoulder.

Three rhinos were dead within thirty seconds.

I stood there, feeling numb and slightly shaken. "Nothing much wrong with your reflexes," remarked Doctor van Wedel. The calmness of his voice showed that there was little the matter with *his* reflexes.

On the next trip he made, we went hunting lion. It had been a peaceful day, and we began to talk about the Masai, the great warriors of East Africa. They were the lords of Kenya before the white man came. Even now, their place-names are still used.

To prove his manhood, a Masai warrior must blood his eight-foot spear in a lion, rhino or man. No one knows exactly how many lions the Masai kill; but I do know that they make one ceremonial head-dress from each lion skin, and there are many such head-dresses around.

On safari that afternoon, one of the lions we had been tracking broke cover and raced past us, not in the least interested in our presence. It was bleeding, badly wounded. The grass was between six and eight feet tall, but there were gaps in it. When we reached one of the gaps, we were astonished to see eight young Masai tackling another lion—a companion of the first one, evidently—which had stayed to fight.

The Masai were between twelve and seventeen years old. Their bodies were painted with red ochre, the hair of their ancestors was woven into their own hair, and they were smeared in animal fat. Blood was on every spear.

One of the warriors had been badly wounded by the runaway lion. Its paw had torn deep into his side, almost to the kidneys, but the Masai was still in the fight.

I watched the lion jump at one man. The Masai put up his shield. The lion rolled over and beyond him, as if it were some circus act. Furious, the lion then turned on the wounded man, whose movements were slow, but another warrior rushed in to draw the animal's wrath.

Gradually, the youths hemmed in the lion with their shields. Within twenty minutes the spears had done their work, and the animal was dead.

"Africa at its noblest and ugliest," said van Wedel. He knew better than to interfere when the fight was on. The moment it was over he attended the wounded warrior, who was named Lerigai and aged only fourteen. Van Wedel patched him up and had him driven to hospital, more than forty miles across bumpy roads. For all his great pain, Lerigai did not make a sound. He had blooded his spear on a lion. He was a warrior at last.

Mrs. Helen Blasberg, one of the members of Allen's all-women safari, washes her hair. All the tents had dressing tables and sprung beds

HUSBANDS often want their wives to share the expensive pleasures of the African wilds, but sometimes the prospect of this has filled me with apprehension.

Two years ago, a couple of well-to-do American clients of mine were due to come on safari while their wives went on a shopping spree in Johannesburg. When the foursome reached Cairo, one husband heard that his brother had died, and immediately flew home with his wife. The other husband and wife had decided to continue alone when the husband came to ask me to persuade his wife to go on the safari.

"I can't leave her alone in Johannesburg," he said. "She would be terribly bored. But it will be quite a job persuading her, because she's terrified of animals."

I said that I would do my best, but when I saw the lady I was just as worried as her husband. She was forty-four years old, about four feet tall and almost as wide. Nicknamed "Baby," she looked as if she had never done anything more hazardous than go to the pictures or play bridge.

She didn't like the idea of a safari in the least, and wanted to see a doctor to find out if she was strong enough to go.

The prospects of the safari seemed black indeed. But, on the following day, Baby decided that perhaps after all she did have enough strength to come with us. The result was that she enjoyed every minute of the trip, kept a diary, went shooting and even insisted on prolonging the tour. She couldn't walk much, but she sat happily in the car while her husband and I stalked the animals.

Baby always came to me to be kissed goodnight—in front of her husband, I might add—and I regard her as one of my favourite clients.

Another memorable husband and wife safari concerned a honeymoon couple. The man was a Continental opera singer. Originally he was coming out as an unmarried man with his fiancée, but suddenly I received a cable saying: "Have got married. Provide double bunk and double bath."

I had never heard of a double bath, but the girth of the man made the request understandable.

He was an extraordinary character. If any female animal was shot, it was his doing. It can be difficult for a novice to distinguish the sexes, so I'd frequently point out the males. But sure enough, he'd hit the females.

"Valter," his wife would say teasingly, "you always go for the vomen."

He had a marvellous voice and had sung at the Berlin State Opera House. At night, he used to stir the bush with his songs. The monkeys chattered like hell.

The singer and his bride were deeply in love, and this smoothed my task of leading the safari. When a couple are not attached to each other, my job becomes a stiff test of diplomacy, and no amount of emphasis on luxury can hide the atmosphere of tension.

For example, in February, 1951, I took Prince Aly Khan and Rita Hayworth on safari. When they arrived, I had no idea that their marriage was about to break up. My orders were simply to provide them with a quiet hunt in parts where they could not be stalked by photographers.

The safari lasted for ten days and cost roughly £12,000. A special airstrip was laid down for two de Havilland Rapides, which brought in not only the hunting party but also Aly Khan's Indian visitors who were resident in Kenya and who came to pay, through him, their respects to his father, the Aga Khan, leader of the Ismaeli Moslems. The planes' other cargoes included fresh lake fish for the table, since the fish in the area did not suit the Indian guests.

Looking after my clients were myself and two more hunters, a transport manager and a camp manager. Each of the fifteen tents had two servants. I employed four cooks, besides the personal cook Aly brought for himself and his visitors. The food was sumptuous, even by present day safari standards.

All that safari lacked was happiness. It was plain that Aly wanted his wife by his side while he was shooting or receiving guests, but Rita stayed in her tent.

My cooks tried to tempt her out with a barbecue, which they prepared with the utmost care. First they dug a pit

Allen and his wife Murielle. In the jungle they worked on a film for which two leopards were imported into Africa from America

A hunting party in Kenya. On their first night in camp the women hunters awoke screaming when a lion killed close by and gave a roar of triumph

Africans join the safari for music. Once Allen watched eight youths fight and kill a lion with spears—just to prove their manhood

and filled it with glowing cinders. Then they spitted meat over the cinders, turning it slowly for three or four hours while they covered it with oil, brandy, pepper, cloves and garlic.

Rita declined to be tempted. She remained hidden with her radio, iced drinks, magazines and cosmetics.

It soon became obvious that a tremendous row was in progress. My aim, naturally, was to appear completely unaware of it and ensure that the hunting, if nothing else, was a success.

I organized a buffalo hunt—a project which needs cautious planning to the last detail, because a fully grown buffalo is stronger than a Hereford bull and has horns which can tear a man to shreds. A white hunter can have many triumphs, but only one failure. If he loses a client's life, he will have little opportunity of losing another's. He will be ostracized by fellow hunters, and in all probability his hunting licence will be revoked.

I had no intention of taking chances with Aly Khan's buffalo hunt. Although it appeared, from newspaper reports of his ski-ing and motoring accidents, that he enjoyed taking risks, I had to see to it, with the maximum of tact, that he took none while he was with me.

DURING the hunt we found a clearing where we took up positions with our guns. About twenty followers of Aly's father watched happily from a nearby rise, as if they were sightseeing on Epsom Downs. As Aly and I stood behind a shrub which served as cover, my bearers began to move in, rattling drums, to drive buffalo towards us.

Suddenly, a big buffalo thundered into the clearing, at about twenty-five miles an hour, some thirty-five yards to our right. The prince fired. It was a good shot, but not quite good enough, and the buffalo charged on, wounded, into cover.

"Let me come into the bush with you and finish it off," said Aly.

I hesitated. A friend of mine and a good hunter, named Roy Leny, had been killed by a wounded buffalo in the same area not long before. I think that if I had asked the prince to stay behind while I went ahead he would have done so. But he was extremely keen to get the buffalo himself. And his father's followers were watching.

So I nodded, and we both followed a wide track leading from the clearing, which the buffalo had taken.

A buffalo is far from being a foolish beast, and I knew that our quarry was likely to stay on its feet in the bush, waiting for us, ready to charge murderously. That was exactly what happened. The buffalo had turned off the track. It charged as we passed. Aly Khan came straight into the aim and dropped the animal when it was about twelve yards away. With long practice, I have become fairly expert at firing just a fraction of a second after a client, so that his bullet goes in first, and mine makes sure of a kill. On this occasion there was no need for my shot. The prince had done all that was required.

We had some rain during the safari, and Rita stayed in her tent more firmly than ever. Then, quite suddenly, she decided to leave. After she had gone, Aly Khan became surprisingly cheerful. Round the fire at night he told of his escapades in the capitals of the world. The whole atmosphere of the safari changed. But the marriage was over.

In a way, I sympathized with Rita. The isolation and freedom of an African safari encourages people to indulge in their worst instincts. I remember taking out two wealthy executives from Chicago who appeared to be very reasonable men. Nevertheless, more than anything else, they wanted to shoot a giraffe.

Now shooting a giraffe is an unnecessary and highly unsportsmanlike act. It is like knocking down a beautiful tree.

For days I argued with them. But they had licences to shoot a giraffe, and there was nothing I could do to stop them. They shot their giraffe—and they will never shoot with me again.

Once, and only once, I made the mistake of taking out two clients who let loose their bad feelings on each other.

The first man, whom I shall call Bob, had intended coming on safari with his wife, but when the safari started she was expecting a baby and obviously could not come. The second man—let's call him Bill—had written to me, asking me to find a partner. Both men lived in Pennsylvania, so I put them in touch with one another. They met, and everything seemed fine.

Things continued that way for the first week of the six-week safari. As Bob had hunted in Kenya before, he was very generous to his partner. He would say: "Let Bill take that shot for a bit of experience. I don't want to shoot just yet."

But gradually they began to get on each other's nerves. The first sign of it was that the experienced sportsman wanted to shoot just as often as his partner, and his partner wasn't prepared to let him. When they spotted an animal, it became a question of who could get the shot in first.

They had been so friendly that they had shared a tent. Very quickly, I rigged up another tent and tactfully suggested that perhaps they didn't have enough room, and that they ought to have separate accommodation. Then they squabbled over who should move into the second tent.

Shortly afterwards, they ignored each other entirely—quite an achievement on safari. Thus, two rich men in their middle fifties began to behave like children. They did not exchange a word. At night, in the mess tent, I sat between them, and they were both so pleasant to me that I felt like a woman being wooed. When I said: "I wonder if you would pass the mustard," both of them would grab for it.

THEIR dislike for each other became still more intense after a hunt for a rare specimen, the sititunga, which is an antelope. I doubt if more than five sititunga have been successfully hunted since the war. Bill got one, and Bob was furious because he could not get another.

Days passed, the tension mounting. Then we set out after lion, and trailed one for hours in country broken with high ant hills. We rounded a hillock and two lions, sitting down, came into view. Unknown to us, our lion had picked up company while we were tracking him.

I cherish the healthiest respect for the lion, having known one actually leap over a six-foot wall with a man gripped in its jaws. But my clients behaved as if the targets were as harmless as stuffed exhibits in a museum.

One of the lions was a slightly better specimen than the other, and simultaneously each hunter decided that he must have him. Bill darted a little to one side, took a sight—and I saw with horror that he was aiming at the better lion, *through Bob's back*.

I ran and managed to knock Bill's gun up in the air. The bullet whistled just over Bob's head.

"What do you think you are doing?" I shouted.

He was a bit deaf and I don't think he even heard me. He merely looked extremely annoyed.

The better lion rose and walked a few yards. Bob shot it when it stopped and turned. Then Bill took aim at the sitting lion and shot it. The lions proved to be fine specimens but, as might be expected, my clients argued over who was entitled to the better one.

The men still write to me, eagerly pouncing on opportunities for attacking each other.

And I? I keep on excellent terms with both. In Kenya, where millionaires sip champagne in camp, a professional hunter must try to understand the ways of men as well as he knows the whims of the bush.

In complete contrast to my adventures with Bob and Bill was a one-month luxury safari which I found exciting in a far more light-hearted way.

My party consisted of fifteen American women, each of whom had paid the New York organizer of the safari a basic fee of approximately £900. Aged from twenty-seven to sixty, they included six married women, two divorcees and three widows. Only three of them had handled a rifle before, and, as one wit in Nairobi expressed it, the rest had never hunted anything except men.

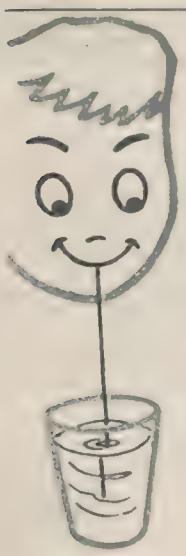
The girls arrived by air via Rome, Athens and Khartoum. As they came down the gangway, smartly costumed and in all shapes and sizes, I and my two assistant white hunters stepped forward. From the moment we were introduced, it was obvious that the girls were a very lively lot. While I was still shaking hands they were saying: "Pleased to meet you, Bunny. When do we go? We wanna see the bush."

I said that there was no hurry—the game was unlikely to run away within the next few hours—and suggested that they might as well buy items of safari gear which they hadn't picked up in New York, then have at least one night in hotel beds in Nairobi.

When they had gone to their hotel rooms, my assistants and I held a council of war, realizing that we had a formidable job ahead of us. Six or seven of the girls wanted to do a certain amount of shooting, their tastes ranging from an elephant to a "cute little deer," but the remainder were anxious to take photographs, keep dairies or just see Africa.

By the next night, the party was installed, two to a tent, in the camp we had prepared in the great Rift Valley near Lake Manyara. Twelve of my African servants had come out to greet our convoy of hunting cars with a song of welcome.

My clients exclaimed in delight over the great double tents with their bath



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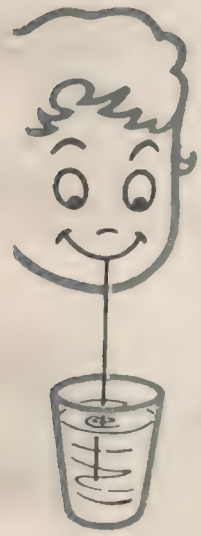

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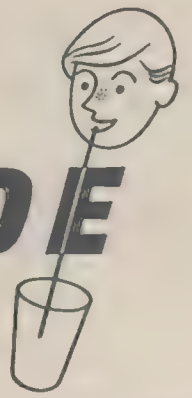

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partitions at the back and verandas at the front, the sprung beds with kapok mattresses and the dressing-tables, each with a list of phrases in Swahili. The fact that all my African camp servants spoke English didn't matter. The girls liked the lists, and took them home when they left.

At this stage the women were so pleased to be roughing it in Africa, or, as they put it, to be so primitive and near to Nature, that they did not have many requests. One girl wanted a harder bed, so we put some heavy cardboard between the sheet and the mattress.

Then, when dusk came suddenly, as it does in Kenya, we had iced cocktails in front of a great log fire. Smoked salmon, caviare and all kinds of delicacies on sticks were brought round. Meantime, my boys prepared the baths. I thought we had better leave the information that lions drank from the same water until a little later. The girls had gone through enough excitement for one day.

After the baths, dinner was served with lobster, avocado and carrot salad, soup, roast stuffed chicken and bacon rolls, fruit and ice-cream, coffee. Champagne had been flown in and there was

MEMORY—1

Memory is like a purse—if it is over-full so that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it.

Thomas Fuller

a wide variety of wines and spirits. My clients had told me what they wanted to drink and I had ordered it for them. Although most of the girls were moderate in every way, one of them put away a bottle of whisky each day, plus the best part of a bottle of gin.

The girls went early to bed. Then, somewhere close by, a lion killed and roared, quickening the night with his awful pride and triumph. The camp became a bedlam of screaming females, while I hurried from tent to tent explaining that they were perfectly safe and that the lion had enough to eat to last it some time.

At breakfast, the girls paraded with slacks, shirts and every imaginable variety of headgear. Two of them even wore pith helmets and were dubbed Stanley and Livingstone.

No woman ever comes on safari without asking about "creepy crawly things" and snakes. We put the girls at their ease, telling them we had never known a client to be so unlucky as to be bitten by a scorpion, pointing out that the tents had been sprayed with insecticide and fitted with mosquito nets.

"If there are any signs of safari ants, which sometimes come through in their thousands after rainstorms," I said, "we'll put wood ash right round the tents to keep them out."

"What about snakes?" someone asked. "What about black mambas—and pythons?"

"In all my experience," I answered, "I have never known a black mamba enter a tent. On the whole, snakes look upon mankind as pretty poisonous and keep away."

This explanation lasted for the first hour of the first full day. Then screams rent the air. One girl had spotted a four-foot python lying in the grass near some rocks. My assistant explained that a python can do no harm to a human until it has anchored its tail round a tree, a root or a rock, so that it can wrap its body round its victim and crush him to death. He pointed out that since this python had no anchorage, it didn't stand a chance against fifteen women.

He wanted to kill the snake, but his colleague rushed up and shouted: "Don't! Let me take it home alive!"

The colleague, who collects snakes, allowed the python to curl itself round his body. After the girls, shrieking with delight, had taken photographs, he put it in a sack and tied it up until the evening, when he let it curl round him in front of the girls who had missed the morning's performance. Altogether, that poor old python must have had about 150 pictures taken, including movies.

As far as the girls were concerned, the safari was an enormous success. One of them was chased up a tree by a rhino which objected to being photographed, and among the targets shot were five buffalo, six zebra, one warthog, one jackal and an ant hill. The ant hill was hit instead of an impala, which is much the same colour.

I have since been asked if I will lead another all-girl safari. In view of the tireless energy of my clients, the invitation calls for careful thought.

On safari, the afternoon is normally a time of rest, but in that camp, few slept after lunch. Instead, typewriters were hammered through the heat as the girls recorded their terrifying experiences.

To my mind, the finest time in camp is round the fire in the evening, discussing the day's shooting. But with fifteen women all desperate to talk at once it was hard to carry on any conversation at all.

THE END

Hornblower and St. Elizabeth of Hungary

Continued from page 22

he should pay the price. And the honour of one man was a small price to pay for the peace of the world, to save his country from the renewal of the deadly perils she had so narrowly survived for twenty years.

In those happy years of the past, returning to his country after an arduous campaign, he had looked about him and he had breathed English air and he had told himself with fatuous patriotism that England was worth fighting for, was worth dying for. England was worth a man's honour, too. Oh, it was true. But it was heart-rending; it was far, far worse than death that it should be his honour that had to be sacrificed.

A little group of officers had appeared on deck and were standing grouped on either side of Cambronne, listening to every word; to one side stood the American captain and his mate. Facing them, alone, his gaudy uniform flashing in the sun, stood Hornblower, waiting.

The officer on Cambronne's right spoke next. He was some kind of adjutant or staff officer, clearly, of the breed that Hornblower hated. Of course he had to repeat the question, to turn the iron in the wound.

"Your word of honour, milord?"

"My word of honour," repeated Hornblower, still steadily, still like a man of honour.

No one could disbelieve the word of honour of a British admiral, of a man who had held His Majesty's commission for more than twenty years.

He went on now with the arguments he had rehearsed. "This exploit of yours can be forgotten now, Count," he said. "With the Emperor's death, all hope of reconstituting the Empire is at an end. No one need know of what you had intended. You, and these gentlemen, and the Imperial Guard below decks, can remain uncompromised with the régime that rules France. You can carry them all home as you had said you would do, and on the way you can drop your warlike stores quietly overboard.

"It is for this reason that I have visited you like this, alone. My country, your country, do not desire any new incident to imperil the amity of the world. No one need know; this incident can remain a secret between us."

Cambronne heard what he said, and listened to it, but the first news he had heard was of such moving importance that he could speak of nothing else.

"The Emperor is dead," he said.

"I have already assured you of my sympathy, Count," said Hornblower. "I offer it to these gentlemen as well. My very deepest sympathy."

The American captain broke into the murmurs of Cambronne's staff. "There's a cat's-paw of wind coming towards us," he said. "We'll be under way again in five minutes. Are you coming with us, mister, or are you going over the side?"

"Wait," answered Cambronne; he seemingly had some English. He turned to his staff, and they plunged into debate. When they all spoke at once, Hornblower's French was inadequate to follow the conversation in detail. But he could see that they were all convinced. He might have been pleased, if there had been any pleasure left in the world for him.

Someone walked across the deck and shouted down the hatchway, and next moment the Imperial Guard began to pour up on deck. The Old Guard, Bonaparte's Old Guard; they were all in full uniform, apparently in readiness for battle if Crab had been foolish enough to risk one.

There were five hundred of them in their plumes and bearskins, muskets in hand. A shouted order formed them up on deck, line behind line, gaunt, whiskered men who had marched into virtually every capital in Europe save London alone.

They carried their muskets and stood at rigid attention; only a few of them did not look straight to their front, but darted curious glances at the British admiral.

The tears were running down Cambronne's scarred cheeks as he turned and spoke to them. He told them the news in broken sentences, for he could hardly speak for sorrow.

They growled like beasts as he spoke. They were thinking of their Emperor dying in his island prison under the harsh treatment of English jailers; the looks that were turned upon Hornblower now showed hatred instead of curiosity; but Cambronne caught their attention again as he went on to speak of the future. He spoke of France and peace.

"The Emperor is dead," he said again, as if he were saying that the world had come to an end.

The ranks were ragged now; emotion had broken down even the iron discipline of the Old Guard. Cambronne drew his sword, raising the hilt to his lips in the beautiful gesture of the salute; the steel flashed in the light of the sinking sun.

"I drew this sword for the Emperor," said Cambronne. "I shall never draw it again."

He took the blade in both hands close to the hilt and put it across his lifted knee. With a convulsive effort of his lean, powerful body he snapped the blade across and, turning, he flung the fragments into the sea.

The sound that came from the Old Guard was like a long-drawn moan. One man took his musket by the muzzle, swung the butt over his head, and brought it crashing down on the deck, breaking the weapon at the small of the butt. Others followed his example. The muskets rained overside.

The American captain was regarding the scene apparently unmoved, as if nothing more would ever surprise him, but the unlit cigar in his mouth was now much shorter, and he must have chewed off the end. He approached Hornblower obviously to ask the explanation of the scene, but the French adjutant interposed.

"France," said the adjutant. "We go to France."

"France?" repeated the captain. "Not——?" He did not say the words "St. Helena," but they were implicit in his expression.

"France," repeated the adjutant, heavily.

Cambronne came towards them, stiffer and straighter than ever as he mastered his emotion.

"I will intrude no further on your sorrow, Count," said Hornblower. "Remember always you have the sympathy of an Englishman."

Cambronne would remember those words later, when he found he had been tricked by a dishonourable Englishman, but they had to be said at this moment, all the same.

"I will remember," said Cambronne. He was forcing himself to observe the necessary formalities. "I must thank you, milord, for your courtesy and consideration."

"I have done my duty towards the world," said Hornblower.

He would not hold out his hand; Cambronne later would feel contaminated if he touched him. He came

Art Lesson

by WILLIAM CLARKE

My dear old drawing master when
He made us do a sketch again
Would say, "Don't let it worry you, lad.
Think of the trouble Nature had
Getting the balance right
Between the shadow and the light
This perfect summer's day.
Think what she must have thrown away
In terms of wasted hours:
How many misbegotten flowers
The frost unkindly kissed:
How often the East wind jogged her wrist."

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stiffly to attention and raised his hand in salute.

"Goodbye, Count," he said. "I hope we shall meet again in happier circumstances."

"Goodbye, milord," said Cambronne, heavily.

Hornblower climbed into the mizzen chains and the boat pulled in to him, and he fell, rather than climbed, into the stern-sheets.

"Give way," he said. No one could feel as utterly exhausted as he felt. And no one could feel as utterly unhappy.

They were waiting for him eagerly on board Crab, Harcourt and Gerard and the others. He still had to preserve an unmoved countenance as he went on board. He still had duties to do.

"You can let Daring go past, Mr. Harcourt," he said. "It is all arranged."

"Arranged, My Lord?" This was from Gerard.

"Cambronne has given up the attempt. They are going quietly to France."

"France? To France? My Lord...?"

"You heard what I said."

They looked across the strip of sea, purple now in the dying day; Daring was bracing round her yards to catch the faint breeze that was blowing.

"Your orders are to let them pass, My Lord?" persisted Gerard.

"Yes, damn you," said Hornblower, and instantly regretted the flash of rage and bad language. He turned to the other. "Mr. Harcourt, we can now proceed into Port-of-Spain. I presume that, even if the wind is fair, you will prefer not to risk the Dragon's Mouth by night. You have my permission to wait until daylight."

"Aye, aye, My Lord."

Even then they would not leave him in peace as he turned to go below.

"Dinner, My Lord?" asked Gerard. "I'll give orders for it at once."

Hopeless to snarl back that he wanted no dinner; the discussion that would have ensued would have been worse than going through the form of eating dinner.

Even so, it meant that on entering the cabin he could not do as he

MEMORY—2

Experience teaches that a good memory is generally joined to a weak judgment.

Montaigne

wanted and fall on his cot with his face in his hands and abandon himself to his misery. He had to sit up stiff and square while Giles laid and served and cleared away, while the tropical sunset flamed in the sky and black night swooped down upon the little ship on the purple sea.

Only then, after Giles's last "Good night, My Lord," could he think again, and work back through all the horror of his thoughts.

He had ceased to be a gentleman. He was disgraced. Everything was at an end. He would have to resign his command—he would have to resign his commission. How would he ever face Barbara? When little Richard grew up and could understand what had happened, how would he ever be able to meet his eyes? And Barbara's aristocratic family would sneer knowingly to each other.

And never again would he walk a quarter-deck, and never again step on board with his hand to his hat and the bos'n's call shrilling in salute. Never again; his professional life was at an end—everything was at an end. He had made the sacrifice deliberately and cold-bloodedly, but that did not make it any less horrible.

His thoughts moved into the other half of the circle. He could have done nothing else. If he had turned aside to Kingston or Port-of-Spain, Daring would have slipped past him, as her time of arrival off Tobago proved, and any additional strength he might have brought with him—if any, as was not likely—would have been useless.

If he had stayed at Kingston and sent a dispatch to London? If he had done that he might at least have covered himself with the authorities. But it would have been unavailing. How much time would elapse between the arrival of his letter in London and the arrival of Daring on the coast of France with Bonaparte on board? Two weeks? Very likely less than that.

The clerks at the Admiralty would have treated his dispatch at first as coming from a madman. There would be delay in its reaching the First Lord's hands, delay in its being laid before the Cabinet, delay while action was being debated, delay while the French Ambassador was informed, delay while joint action was being agreed upon.

And what action, if any—if the Cabinet did not dismiss his letter as that of an unbalanced alarmist? The peacetime navy of England could never have been got to sea in time and in sufficient numbers to cover the whole coast of France so as to make it impossible for Daring to land her deadly cargo. And the mere inevitable leakage of the news that Bonaparte was at sea and expected to land would throw France into immediate revolution—there could be no doubt about that—and Italy was in a turmoil, too.

By writing to London he would have covered himself, as he had already decided, from the censure of the government. But it was not the measure of a man's duty to avoid blame. He had a positive duty to do, and he had done it, in the only way possible. Nothing else would have stopped Cambronne. Nothing else.

He had seen where his duty lay. He had seen what the price would be, and now he was paying it. He had bought the peace of the world at the price of his own honour. He had ceased to be a gentleman—his thoughts completed the other half of the circle.

His mind plunged on, struggling desperately, like a man in utter darkness waist-deep in a slough. It would not be long before the world knew of his dishonour. Cambronne would talk, and so would the other Frenchmen. The world would hear soon of a British admiral giving his plighted word in the certain knowledge that he was telling a lie.

Before then he would have left the service, resigned his command and his commission. That must be done at once; his contaminated flag must fly no longer; he must give no further orders to gentlemen.

In Port-of-Spain there was the Governor of Trinidad. Tomorrow he would tell him that the West India squadron no longer had a commander-in-chief. The Governor could take all the necessary official action, in circularizing the squadron and informing the government—just as if yellow fever or apoplexy had taken off the commander-in-chief.

In this way anarchy would be reduced to a minimum, and a change of command arranged as simply as possible; that was the last service he could perform for his country, the very last.

The Governor would think he was mad, of course—he might be in a straitjacket tomorrow unless he confessed his shame. And then the Governor would pity him; the first of the pity, the first of the contempt, he would have to face for the rest of his life. Barbara...Richard...the lost soul plunged on through the stinking slough, through the dark night.

At the end of that dark night a knock at the door brought in Gerard. The message he was bearing died on his lips as he looked at Hornblower's face, white under the tan, and at his hollow eyes.

"Are you quite well, My Lord?" he asked, anxiously.

"Quite well. What is it?"

"Mr. Harcourt's respects, My Lord, and we are off the Dragon's Mouth. The wind is fair at nor'-nor'-east and we can make the passage as soon as day breaks, in half an hour, My Lord. We'll drop anchor in Port-of-Spain by two bells in the forenoon watch, My Lord."

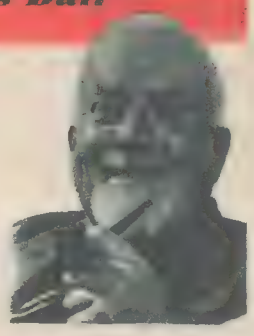
"Thank you, Mr. Gerard." The words came slowly and coldly as he forced himself to utter them. "My compliments to Mr. Harcourt and that will do very well."

"Aye, aye, My Lord. This will be the

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 20

by Commander Douglas Duff

Near-missed by a shooting star



WHEN it was all over and the Atlantic was calm again, the officers of the cargo liner Ocean remembered that at dinner on that August night in 1929 they had been discussing the strange mysteries of ships which vanish without trace, leaving not so much as a last distress signal.

They had been arguing over whether meteorites could be counted as one of the causes and, in the light of what happened a few hours later, they all thought it a queer coincidence. . . .

The second officer, standing the middle watch, was pacing the bridge. The night was windless, the Western Ocean flat calm and the ship trudging peacefully along. No sign of trouble, and no reason to expect any. Stars twinkled brightly from an almost cloudless sky.

He was suddenly attracted by one star, some distance ahead, which shone very brightly and swiftly grew more brilliant. In a few seconds it outshone all the rest.

Before he had time to send for the captain, the roar of a missile, travelling fast, reached him a couple of seconds before a great, incandescent, white-hot mass struck the smooth sea, less than two hundred yards away, right abeam on the starboard side.

There was a tremendous flash followed by a roaring dome of steam, piling upwards into the clear night. Then, as a solid wall of water rose from what seemed a circle a good hundred yards in diameter, innumerable solid fragments whined through the air and clattered against the Ocean's sides and superstructure.

Within seconds the huge, newborn wave, between seventy and one hundred feet high, struck her.

Fortunately, the ship had travelled some distance, and she met its violence with her quarter, but all the same she was thrust ahead, lurching, her shoulders under, her stern soaring. With the wave came foul-smelling gas, which set all hands on deck spluttering and coughing.

A shooting star, a very large meteorite, far bigger than the ordinary fragment, had near-missed the Ocean. Had it been closer or had the ship suffered a direct hit, another name would be written on the roll of vanished vessels.

first appearance of your flag in Port-of-Spain, and a salute will be fired."

"Very well."

"The Governor by virtue of his appointment takes precedence of you, My Lord. Your Lordship must therefore pay the first call. Shall I make a signal to that effect?"

"Thank you, Mr. Gerard. I would be obliged if you would."

The horror still had to be gone through and endured. He had to make himself spick and span; he could not appear on deck unshaven and dirty and untidy. He had to shave and endure Giles's conversation.

"Fresh water, My Lord," said Giles, bringing in a steaming can. "Cap'n's given permission, seeing that we'll be watering today."

There might once have been sheer, sensuous pleasure in shaving in fresh water, but now there was none. There might have been pleasure in standing on deck watching Crab make the passage of the Dragon's Mouth, in looking about him at new lands, in entering a new port, but now there was none.

There might have been pleasure once in fresh linen, even in a crisp new neckcloth, even in his ribbon and star and gold-hilted sword. There might have been pleasure in hearing the thirteen guns of his salute fired and answered, but there was none now—there was only the agony of knowing that never again would a salute be fired for him, never again would the whole ship stand at attention for him as he went over the side.

He had to hold himself stiff and straight so as not to droop. He even had to blink hard to keep the tears from overflowing down his cheeks as if he were a sentimental Frenchman. The blazing blue sky overhead might have been black for all he knew.

The Governor was a ponderous major-general, with a red ribbon and a star, too. He went rigidly through the formalities of the reception, and then unbent as soon as they were alone together.

"Delighted to have this visit from you, My Lord," he said. "Please sit down. I think you will find that chair comfortable. I have some sherry which I think you will find tolerable. May I pour Your Lordship a glass?"

He did not wait for an answer, but busied himself with the decanter and glasses.

"By the way, My Lord, have you heard the news? Boney's dead."

Hornblower had not sat down. He had intended to refuse the sherry; the Governor would not care to drink with a man who had lost his honour. Now he sat down with a jerk, and automatically took the glass offered him.

The sound that he made in reply to the Governor's news was only a croak.

"Yes," went on the Governor. "He died three weeks back, in St. Helena. They've buried him there, and that's the last of him. Well—are you quite well, My Lord?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Hornblower.

The cool, twilit room was swimming round him. As he came back to sanity, he thought of St. Elizabeth of Hungary. She, disobeying her husband's commands, had been carrying food to the poor—an apron full of bread—when her husband saw her.

"What have you in your apron?" he demanded.

"Roses," lied St. Elizabeth.

"Show me," said her husband.

St. Elizabeth showed him—and her apron was full of roses.

Life could begin anew, thought Hornblower.

THE END

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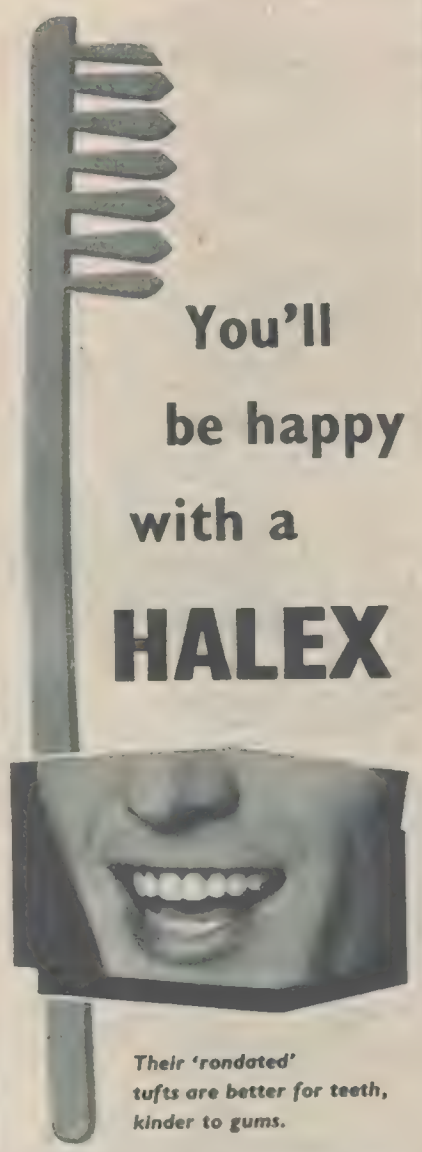

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Goodbye, Rosalia

Continued from page 11

the frontier on a main road, where there are more soldiers and police per square metre than there are ants? During the war literally hundreds of French and English and Americans crossed the Pyrenees secretly."

"If I were not lame, and had not been shot in the lungs," Madremaya said, "I would gladly go by the mountains. But for me the journey would be a death warrant. I have to go this way. Are you a Fascist, Señor Bannerman? Have I fallen upon the one Englishman in millions who believes in the Fascist heresy?"

Fascist . . . Fascist heresy . . . Franco . . . Mussolini . . . Hitler . . . the old hatreds and fears paraded themselves in Richard's mind. Had he forgotten? Had he really forgotten the menace that had kept him fighting for nearly seven years of his life? He felt suddenly and strangely ashamed.

Then he thought again. What was Franco? Was he a brutal tyrant? Or was he only a fat, religious, earnest little man doing his best for a country that was generally admitted to be unready for democracy?

Anger came. Madremaya had no right to apply this moral blackmail. Why should he, Richard Bannerman, of London, England, be asked to take sides in the aftermath of another country's civil war?

"No," he said grittily, "I am not a Fascist, Madremaya. But neither am I a Catalan Nationalist, nor a hero, nor an adventurer. The answer is no. Now will you get out of my car?"

Madremaya shook his head—almost sadly it seemed. He had a pistol in his hand. . . .

The car was drawn up off the road, along a track in the shade of a clump of gnarled cork trees with their trunks stripped of bark and painted with creosote.

Richard was saying: "You're a lunatic. As soon as I get out of the car to have my papers examined I shall denounce you and that'll be that."

"No, Señor Bannerman," Madremaya said quietly. "You will not denounce me because the *señorita* will be in the car and if you do I shall shoot her."

Richard ran his tongue over his lips. "That is one of the most callous and brutal threats I have ever heard."

"It was forced upon me, *señor*. If you were in my place you, too, would be desperate."

Richard said thickly and slowly: "In *no* circumstances would I shoot a child to save my skin, nor even threaten to do so."

"Doubtless," Madremaya said. "We come of different races and evidently think differently."

There was a silence. Then Richard said abruptly: "You still have no chance of getting away with it. Pili will have to leave the car to show her passport."

"No." Madremaya was searching the surrounding countryside, looking for frontier patrols. Richard's hand moved infinitesimally—towards the gun—but Madremaya instantly faced him again. The man was as wary and intuitive as a cat. "No," he said again. "The child will not have to show her passport. She will stay in the car and you will pass her off as your daughter, travelling on your passport. It will be easy. They take no interest in children."

"How did you know I had a daughter?"

Madremaya shrugged, smiling secretly. "We are organized," he said. "Had we not been, we should never have survived for all these years. Anyway, we do know. We know that you have been staying in Tamariu for six weeks, that you are a widower, and that you have a daughter called Amanda, aged twelve, at school in England, who sometimes travels with you and is therefore registered on your passport."

"Did the hotel give you this information?"

"The hotel, or the police, or the carrier who took your passport to the police headquarters in Palafrugell; I shall have to leave you to guess." The Spaniard glanced quickly round again. "Now! While we are unobserved I am going to hide myself on the floor of your car at the back with your possessions arranged on top of me. The child will sit where I am now and she will not move under any circumstances." He turned. "Do you understand that, *chiquita*?"

Pili said huskily: "*Si, señor.*"

"When I give the word," Madremaya went on, looking at Richard, "you will drive quietly back to the main road and then to the frontier. You will behave quite normally. I know you think all this will end in disaster, but I assure you it will not.

"It has been carefully planned. I am too valuable a man to my friends to be permitted to commit suicide. We know that not one in a hundred of the foreign cars that pass the frontier is searched; Franco is too keen to see tourists in Spain to put them to such inconveniences.

"As you probably know, we shall pass first the Spanish Customs in La Junquera, then the Spanish Passport Control a few kilometres farther on at the frontier itself; then the French Passport Control and finally the French Customs. Of these four only the last is potentially dangerous; the French are jealous of Spain taking her tourists away and are not so well-disposed to foreigners returning from a Spanish holiday. The first three are nothing."

He gestured to Pili to get into the front passenger's seat. He climbed into the back, holding the muzzle of his pistol pressed against the seat at the place where it pointed at Pili's heart.

Richard was forced to unload some of the baggage and reload it so that it concealed the Spaniard. Then Madremaya said gently: "Very well. Shall we go? Remember there is little risk."

Richard looked at Pili. Her face was strained and her eyes wide, but she was holding on to her composure. He forced himself to smile at her, thinking of Rosalia, agonized that he should have led Rosalia's beloved only daughter into danger, however unwittingly.

Pili smiled shyly back at him. In silence he put the car into gear.

They passed through La Junquera. Madremaya had been right. The Spanish

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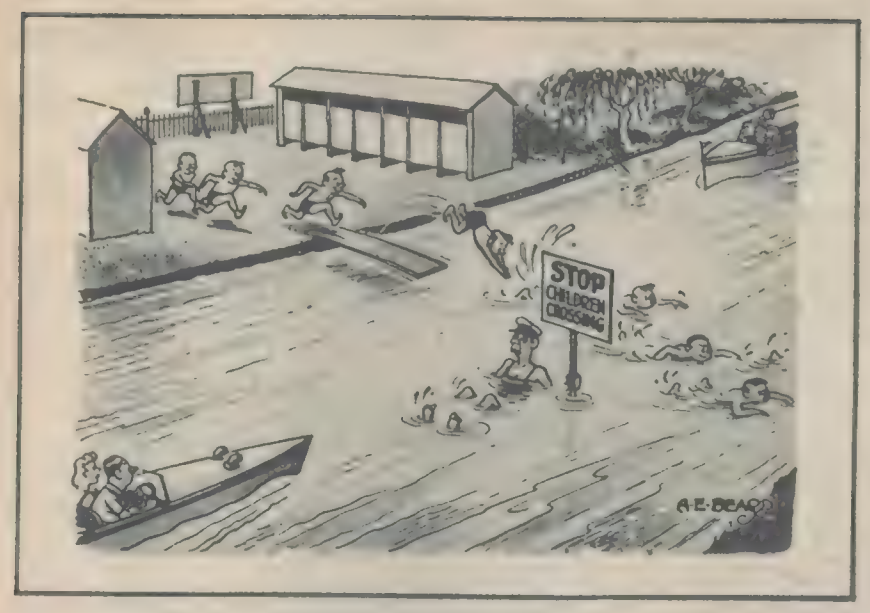


Customs officials did no more than glance at the Rolls admiringly.

They drove on, climbing now, towards the frontier and the French town of Le Perthus. The road had started to wind like a drunken serpent and Richard was sweating. He had been sweating before, with anxiety, but the labour of hauling the Rolls round the endless tight bends made it worse.

The Spanish Passport Control officer stamped his passport without question, calmly accepting his statement that Pili was his daughter. So did the French Passport Control official.

Richard started up the steep hill into Le Perthus, at the far end of which lay the French Customs House. It had been ridiculously easy so far. That made it worse. A thing as illegal, as daring and as important couldn't be so easy, he told himself. It couldn't.

The street was lined with bars, restaurants, currency-changing establishments, souvenir shops hung about with silly hats and frolicsome pottery. Men lounged in the shop doorways with cigarettes hanging from slack, narrow lips, watching the cars go by. Groups of youths stood about, eyeing the female tourists.

The town lived on tourists, with minor smuggling and illegal currency deals thrown in to make weight. It was not a sentimental town, Le Perthus, nor was it useful or productive. It was a fungus growing on the body of tourism. It had a curious atmosphere. It seemed to Richard to be waiting for something exciting to stir its jaded, over-sophisticated appetites — something like an attempt to enter France illegally, or pistol shots shattering the silence and a child dying in an old Rolls-Royce.

"Look," Richard whispered over his shoulder. "You're in France now. We'll stop at a bar and you can make a dash for it out of the back. . . ."

"That would be simple suicide," Madremaya interrupted harshly.

A flash of inspiration came to Richard. "All right then," he said, "but why not surrender yourself to the French police and demand political asylum? I can't believe that they'd send you back to be shot."

"It is highly likely that they would," Madremaya replied. "Here the French and Spanish co-operate—you kiss my hand and I'll kiss yours. Do you understand? I am going to take no such risk. Drive on."

Richard drove on.

Douane, the notice read. The road in front of it was divided by an island. A uniformed man held up his hand and Richard stopped the car. The Frenchman jerked his thumb at the office. "In there with your *carnet*."

As Richard entered the office he saw out of his eye the man in uniform go to the boot of the Rolls and open it. He paused on the threshold, steadying his breath, trying not to sweat, trying not to think of Pili.

There were four men, seated at deal tables, writing with purple ball-point pens in spidery, illegible French handwriting. Richard went to the counter. They took no notice. He glanced through the window, elaborately casual, trying too hard not to be furtive.

The *douanier* outside had shut the boot. Richard could see him no longer. Where was he? Probing among the luggage in the rear compartment? Dear God, no! Please not.

Another man came in from the office. Richard turned. The man looked at him and then went, with deliberation, to a wash-basin where he started to wash his hands. The others went on writing.

Richard turned away, glanced through the window. The *douanier* was talking to Pili. Richard ached to know what he was saying.

"*Carnet, monsieur!*" The voice was a guttural boom. It made Richard jump. He faced the *douanier* and the thought shot into his mind that, French or no, the customs officer had the face of a Nazi S.S. *Gruppenführer*.

"What have you to declare?"

"Two bottles of Spanish brandy, two hundred cigarettes, a hundred cigars, one or two cheap souvenirs and some artist's materials. I am only passing through France on my way home to England."

THE *douanier* nodded. He stamped the *carnet* for the car and tore out a page. Then he gestured towards the door. Richard went out. Behind him the Frenchman followed with heavy footsteps. "That is your car? The Rolls?"

"Yes."

"What a magnificent vehicle!"

"It is very old."

"Sometimes the old ones are the best. They have an elegance that these little biscuit boxes entirely lack."

"They . . . they run away with the petrol," Richard said.

The *douanier* chuckled. It was a terrible noise—or so it seemed to Richard. "How right you are!" he said. "I have an old Voisin and it threatens to beggar me. My wife is always at me to buy a Simca."

Richard said nothing. He smiled, knowing that it was a grimace, forced as the affability of a tired politician. He wished he hadn't.

The Frenchman went to the rear door on the near side of the Rolls, opened it, moved a rug and looked down into the face of Dominique Madremaya.

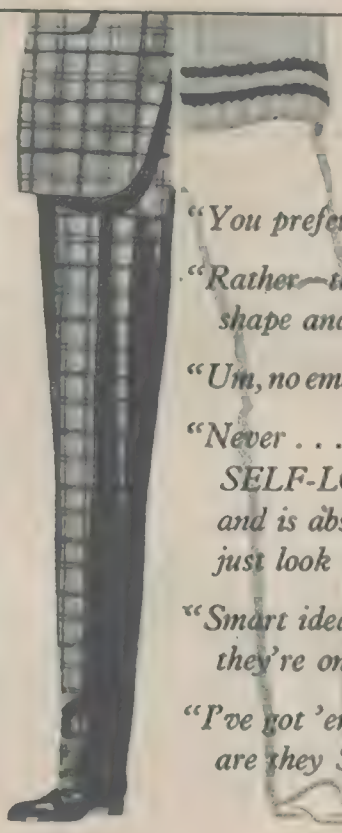
Between the *douanier's* legs Richard could see Madremaya's pistol, levelled at Pili's back. His muscles tensed. His mouth opened. He started to crouch.

Then the door banged shut. The Frenchman was looking at him with a cool, secret blandness. "Very well, monsieur. That will be all. Good day. . . ."

"That was lucky," Madremaya said ten minutes later when they were twelve miles into France and soaring along a straight, deserted road.

"I don't understand," Richard said furiously. "I don't understand how you knew my name, how you knew I had a daughter, how that *douanier* let you through. I don't understand, but I shall remember you with hatred for the rest of my life for the hell you

overheard in the changing rooms



"You prefer zips, I see."

"Rather—they keep trousers in good shape and they fasten securely."

"Um, no embarrassing moments, eh?"

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"Smart idea that. Must see that they're on all my suits in future."

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inflicted on Pili. And on me, for that matter."

"I am truly sorry," Madremaya said. "I can explain the *douanier*. He was bought. However, we were able to buy him only, not the others, and we were never certain that he would remain bought, if you see what I mean. For these reasons there was some small risk. I am very grateful to you for the way in which you played your part so well."

"To hell with you!" Richard said irritably. "Where do I have to take you now?"

"Not much farther. Turn right at the next crossing."

A few minutes later they came to a clump of trees where a car with a French number plate was waiting in the shade. Richard drew up beside it. Madremaya got out. He embraced the driver of the car, whispered a few words to him and turned back to Richard.

Pili had opened the door of the Rolls on her side. She was smiling at Madremaya. As she got out of the car he took her in his arms and hugged her.

"The identity I assumed and used for thirteen years was that of Miguel Pedret," Madremaya explained a few minutes later.

Richard said quietly: "Rosalia's husband?"

"Yes."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes."

"And Pili . . . ?"

"Is the daughter of Miguel Pedret. Rosalia was pregnant when he died."

"Then all your information came from Rosalia?"

"Yes. It was fortunate that I was never introduced to you as Pedret."

"Because I would have refused to have taken you out of the country?"

"Wouldn't you?" Madremaya asked quietly.

"Possibly. . . . You might at least have asked."

"No, *señor*, because had you refused, we should have been destroyed." The Spaniard made a gesture with a thin, freckled hand. "I need hardly say that I would never have shot Pili. But you were not to know that, and her presence in the car made it certain that you would do what you were told. Do you understand?"

"Clearly."

"I hope you will forgive us."

Richard nodded, looking into the middle distance. A feeling of incredulous happiness was slowly making his chest feel distended, pressing up against his heart and down towards his stomach.

"Yes, I'll forgive you," Richard said. Then he turned to look at Madremaya sharply. "Are you in love with Rosalia?"

"No, *señor*, nor is she in love with me. We are dear friends, no more."

Richard nodded.

"Are you driving on to England?" Madremaya asked, smiling.

"No," Richard said. "I'm going back into Spain."

"I thought you would be, and I am glad—for the sake of Rosalia, and because it solves the problem of how to get Pili back. She has no stamp on her passport to show she ever left, you see. Will you take her with you?"

Richard smiled at him. Then he shouted: "Pili! Get a move on. We're in a hurry."

"Goodbye, and give my love to Rosalia," Madremaya said, and watched the Rolls disappear towards Spain in a cloud of thick yellow dust. THE END

Bimbo and the Browning

Continued from page 14

shake the hand of my colonel. My soldier's honour has been soiled and . . . and I am not fit to wear this uniform."

Bill Maitland pretended to laugh. "Bimbo, my old friend," he said. "I know what's wrong with you. Too much honey and roast meat, too much *arak* and too many kisses from the wives of other men. It's your tummy that's upset, not your soldier's honour."

Rakman Khan shook his head. "Sahib," he said, "I stand before you, a malefactor who has betrayed his comrades. I have earned a court-martial for treachery and I am my own accuser. Let me tell the story, sahib. Until I have confessed, I will never sleep."

We coaxed Bimbo into a chair. Shivering and clutching a glass of neat whisky, he began to speak. It was a grim story for it concerned a very grim person, Sheikh Haithan Baksh Hassani, the despotic ruler of El Kiyara, enemy of the British, slave-trader and terror of all peaceful men. He lived like a vulture in his rocky fastness; his nickname from Mecca to Muscat was the Leopard Who Laughs.

"The Browning Mark Five machine gun that was stolen from the armoury of the Sudanese Rifles in Khurmaksan," Bimbo stammered. "You all remember well the outcry when that gun was stolen? It vanished with four boxes of belted ammunition like a puff of smoke—the gun to which even the Americans have no equal.

"No man knew how it went nor whither it had gone, until I caught a whisper one night when my caravan stopped at Sherga on the edge of the El Kiyara territory. Sahib, do you know what the whisper was? It was that the beautiful Browning Mark Five machine-gun, the gun with the purring lock that fires five hundred rounds a minute and never heats, was in the possession of Sheikh Haithan Baksh, the one they call the Leopard Who Laughs on account of his extreme cruelty."

"That gun," said Bill Maitland slowly, "can have been of no service to Sheikh Haithan Baksh. It was a new gun straight from the factory and had never been assembled. The barrel was packed with grease, the spring was not adjusted to firing weight, the forty-seven small parts that comprise the lock and striking mechanism were apart in a separate case. If his thieves stole that gun, the joke was on Haithan Baksh, for he could never make it fire."

Bimbo shivered. He said: "You speak truly, sahib. But what—what if Haithan Baksh persuaded some man, who was an expert, to assemble the gun and make it fire?"

"In that case——" Bill Maitland began.

Then he stopped, and his face suddenly became grim and smitten. "Speak on, Bimbashi-El-Awal," he said, "unless you would rather keep this matter in your own soul."

"Sahib, it is for my soul's good I speak," Bimbo cried. "Yes, as you have guessed, I went in disguise into El Kiyara, the den of the Leopard Who Laughs, hoping to recover the machine-gun.

"I was a vainglorious fool seeking honour for my regiment and myself. I trusted too much in my own cunning. I fancied I was brave—aye, and in El Kiyara I learned the truth.

"I did not discover the gun, but they discovered me. The Leopard Who Laughs offered me my life and great wealth if I would assemble the gun and make it fire, and when he made the proposition I laughed and spat in his face.

"'I am Bimbashi-El-Awal of the South Arabian Levies,' I boasted. 'If you kill me a thousand times you will never learn the secrets of that gun.' But then. . . ."

He shuddered, and there was a long, painful silence. We fidgeted and avoided each other's eyes.

Someone, I think it was the Adjutant, muttered: "Haithan Baksh will pay for this all right," and a growl ran round the mess, for we loved Bimbo.

Bill Maitland spoke very gently. "My brother, you have told us enough. No matter about the gun. We are glad you have returned alive."

"It was the ants," Rakman Khan wailed. "They smeared me with honey and buried me in a nest. The Leopard Who Laughs sat before me and taunted me with water.

"I endured the burning for a long time, and never yielded. But there is pain no man can endure. It was the spirit of a dead woman that wept and spoke out of my mouth after many years of suffering—it was this that made me surrender.

"When she had spoken from my mouth, they lifted me from the nest and bathed me with oil to ease the smart of the stings. When I could see, I assembled the gun, I fitted the belt, I oiled the working parts, I assembled the lock and I synchronized the sights. Yes, I, Bimbashi-El-Awal of the South Arabian Levies, committed that black treachery against my comrades while the Hassanis stood round and mocked me for a coward.

"When I had completed my treachery and the gun was ready for action, they scourged me like a cur from the village. There was great laughter and jeering and the children followed me throwing filth.

"In my fear of being returned to the ants I ran crying like a woman. Then they left me and I thought to die alone in the desert. But God guided me to a well. There was shelter for me and there were dates that I could eat. . . .

"When I had rested and recovered something of my strength I—I came back. . . ."

He slumped forward in his chair and buried his face in his hands. Bill Maitland rose, put a gentle hand on his thin shoulders and spoke for all of us.

"My friend," he said, "there has been no story. We slept while you dreamed you spoke. There will be no further word of this."

Bimbo raised his head. The colonel gasped; we all gasped, for the change in the man was astonishing. He was grinning broadly, and his eyes were dancing with mischief. The old Bimbo we knew and loved had suddenly come back to us.

Bimbo clapped his hands like a child, and his delighted laughter filled the mess.

"Colonel sahib," he cried, "oft-times have you pulled my leg in the English saying; now I have pulled yours. When I said I came back I did not mean to Aden; it was to El Kiyara I came back, and I came at night like a tiger when there was no moon.

"The rest was easy. I had learned the disposition of the sentries, and I knew in what hut the Browning was stored, all ready for action.

"The first those Hassani dogs knew of my return was when the Browning snarled, sending her bullets like bees through El Kiyara in the darkness. Ho, ho! I had a great hatred in my heart and I sang while I sprayed death among the huts. The Leopard Who Laughs is now laughing in hell, the vultures have gorged upon his brothers, and the other Hassanis have fled to the hills like jackals. That is a noble gun, sahib. After the vengeance I took a camel and I brought it back with me as my present to the regiment . . . behold!"

He called. One of his sons, a sergeant, swaggered in carrying a Browning Mark Five. For a moment there was silence. Then cheering and laughter filled the mess. THE END

MY BROTHER Donald

PEOPLE who know Donald now are surprised to hear it, but I can remember when all his thoughts centred around the army cadet training corps to which he belonged at school. He was a company sergeant-major and thoroughly enjoyed his position of authority. Even then he was a great organizer.

He usually told me everything that happened in his company, but once he was unusually silent when he came home from a parade. It turned out that he had been giving close combat instruction and had called out a small, nervous cadet to help with a practical demonstration.

The boy stepped forward holding a rifle several sizes too big for him. Donald called out "Attack." There was a brief scuffle and the boy stepped back, leaving Donald unconscious on the floor, hit on the head with the butt of the rifle.

Donald loved cricket and rugger and was a fine athlete. He used to win the school hundred yards race, which he said was due to his long practice of sprinting the last few yards home at night to be in time for the deadline fixed by our father, who was very strict.

When Donald was seven, Father gave him a banjo for a Christmas present, and he was so thrilled with it that every Christmas after that he was given a new musical instrument. By the time he was thirteen, Donald was the happy owner of a harmonica, a guitar, a trumpet, a clarinet, drums and a tin whistle.

He prided himself that by the time we had to leave for chapel on Christmas morning he could manage any carol I challenged him to play on his new instrument. The annoying thing was that he always could.

At one time Donald had ambitions to become a stage comic. He had tremendous stage presence—a talent he found useful in later life.

Once, while he was still at Cambridge, he was asked to attend a church service. A new organ was being installed, and Donald found that his name had been put down as organist. It was explained that the regular organist was ill and that he would have to improvise.

My brother sat at the organ and looked warily at the expectant faces below him. Then he went into an arrangement of "Coal Black Mammie" to break the ice. It certainly did.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 37

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Running in

Continued from page 9

permanently exhaust their stock of enthusiasm.

In the school holidays I joined Walton Athletic Club. On some winter evenings I would go over there for training. I can remember vividly the sickly smell of embrocation, the slight awe with which I treated the experienced young athletes there.

I remember pounding along the roads in the dark—how fast I seemed to be going, how hard it was to keep up!—and then the glorious sense of well-being and satisfaction as I lay in a hot bath afterwards. Stiff but pleased with myself, I would catch the train home.

One of my earliest visits to Walton ended in great disappointment. I took the opportunity of using a cinder track for the first time to see how fast I could run a mile. I carried out the trial in the dark by myself. For time-keeping I used my wristwatch, which had a big-sweep second hand. I finished in four minutes thirty-one seconds. It was about as fast as any junior in the country could manage, and I was thrilled.

"Looked quite good," said a voice from the rail. "How fast was it?"

"Four minutes thirty-one," I said with a certain amount of modest pride.

The owner of the voice, Brian Shepherd, a Walton member I later got to know and like well, walked over.

"What did you time it on?"

I showed him my wristwatch.

"Look," he said, producing a stop-watch. "Now give me yours."

He tested my watch against his, all the time shaking mine up and down in the sort of movement it would have been subjected to while I was running.

At the end of a recorded minute on the stopwatch mine showed only fifty-five seconds.

I must have looked very despondent, because he said: "Never mind. It was quite fast all the same. You can't do your best under these circumstances."

I was fortunate to stumble across Walton. I ran for them a few times while I was still at school and then quite often during the period of my military service. They were a new club with an energetic secretary, Peter Harding, and all were only too ready to give help and advice to a newcomer.

I improved nearly every time that I ran, often producing performances of which I had never dreamed that I was then capable. I derived more enjoyment from athletics then than at any time afterwards.

The races were exciting, but there was none of the grim tension that I later got to know in international competitions. If I did not do so well it only mattered to me. The rest of the team did not expect a great deal anyway. There was always another race next week or the week after, when I could try to do better. The club had two international athletes when I joined—Les Lewis, the quarter-miler who later emigrated to New Zealand, and Bill Nankeville, Britain's leading miler for many years before Roger Bannister finally emerged on the international scene.

From Bill I learned a great deal about running. Whenever I saw him I plied him incessantly with questions. I watched carefully the kind of training that he did and on occasions tried to join in. He had great natural ability. He was one of the most elegant and graceful runners that I have ever seen. Although his times do not compare with today's, and although he failed in his last big contest, the 1952 Olympic Games, he won many fine races.

Perhaps it was unfortunate that he was so dependent upon his coach, Bill Thomas. Thomas, the man who had trained Jack Lovelock, was an autocratic, kindly, testy old gentleman in his seventies. He directed Nankeville's training in great detail and knew exactly how to get the best out of him.

"How are you feeling?" he would say.

"Terrific!"

"Then you had better go and run a three-quarter mile in three minutes."

When Nankeville could only manage three minutes four seconds, Thomas would shake his head and deliver some harsh words, which were taken just seriously enough for Bill to go away convinced that he would have to train a little harder.

After Bill Thomas's death in 1953, Nankeville never ran consistently well again.

I used to be puzzled at the time by the fact that although Nankeville did not always run at his best, particularly at the beginning of the season, his reply to any query was always that he was "at the top of his form," "terrific" or "never better." An athlete of his calibre should, I felt, be able to gauge his state of fitness more accurately.

It is only subsequently that I have learned that it is quite useless to ask an athlete how he feels before a race. Although nearly all sports reporters and broadcasters eagerly pose the question whenever they have the chance, the reply that they get rarely has anything to do with the athlete's state of fitness.

His answer will depend upon which of two categories he happens to belong to. Athletes are broadly divided in this respect into what I call the "morale boosters" and the "insurance men."

The first group feel better in themselves if they always say that they are immensely confident of winning and breaking every known record. Bill Nankeville was a leading exponent of this school. Others that spring to mind are Gordon Pirie and Derek Ibbotson in Britain, Wes Santee of America, and Jim Bailey, Australia's leading miler.

The second category, "the insurance men"—the type to which I have generally conformed—are more timid. They want to have the best of it both ways. They want people to think that they have done quite well even if they only come second or third, and so they ensure against possible defeat by saying that they are not really fit, they have not done a lot of training, they have some illness. They point out that their opponents are inhumanly strong and imply that it would be a brilliant achievement to come anywhere near them.

Roger Bannister and John Landy were both of this type. The master, though, was Emil Zatopek, the great Czech runner, who rarely admitted to a chance of winning anything, and before most big events let it be known that he was suffering from some extremely serious illness. Before the 1952 Olympic Games, where he achieved the astonishing feat of winning the five thousand metres, ten thousand metres and marathon, it was, as I remember, heart trouble and dropsy.

A lesser but very consistent user of this type of pre-race publicity was the French-Moroccan runner El Mabrouk, who was to be seen before any contest with his hand placed sadly on his middle, murmuring brokenly: "*Ah, mon estomac!*"

At Walton Athletic Club I learned much from Bill Nankeville and made many friends there. Unfortunately, some years later, I left the club on not altogether friendly terms when I felt it right to resign. I did this because it seemed that Achilles, the joint Oxford and Cambridge athletic club, was in danger of collapsing through lack of members. Because of National Service, nearly all university athletes had already joined a club before they came up and in consequence could not, under the rules of the Amateur Athletic Association, compete in first-class matches for Achilles.

As president of the Oxford University Athletic Club, I tried to get the A.A.A. to amend this rule so that a man could be a first-claim member of Achilles during his years at the university and then revert if he wished to his original club. Unfortunately this solution was refused, and I felt that the only answer was for Oxford and Cambridge athletes to resign from their first clubs and become full members of Achilles.

Very reluctantly a number of us took this step, and the Achilles Club, which performs some very valuable services to the sport, was preserved.

Resentment is still caused in athletic clubs throughout the country by this whole business. They feel quite naturally that they are deserted by university athletes, while the latter are faced with a disturbing division of loyalties. I still feel that the A.A.A. should certainly do something about this ridiculous rule.

Before leaving school I ran in just a few more races. In the British schools meeting held at Motspur Park in 1948 I succeeded in finishing third in the mile. In that summer I beat the record for the mile and the half mile at Sherborne, although neither time was very fast.

In August I stood in the enclosures at Wembley throughout two days of the Olympic Games. The grace and power, the beauty and the pure steely excitement of the Games left me finally convinced that athletics was the sport I wished to follow. The race that bit most deeply into my imagination was the struggle between giants in the five thousand metres—between Gaston Reiff of Belgium, who opened up an astonishing fifty-yard lead, and Emil Zatopek, who with a tremendous last-lap burst came within a couple of feet of winning.

Although I normally believe fortune tellers, I should certainly have laughed if one had told me that at the next Olympics I should be fighting out the finish with Zatopek, while a defeated Reiff would have retired from the track four laps earlier.

Less inspiring was an episode which happened in my last term at school. Peter Harding had said to me: "Come and run for the club juniors in the National cross-country race at Birmingham. It is only three or four miles."

I was not sure whether I could last that distance, but I agreed and got the day off from school.

On arrival at Birmingham, Harding said: "Well, I am afraid it turns out to be six miles. But I am sure you will manage."

To last out the full distance was in the end unmitigated agony. After falling twice I finished fourteenth out of a field of two or three hundred. I went back to Sherborne, stiff, exhausted and firmly convinced that I was "burned out" for ever.

In April, 1949, I was conscripted into the army. Most young men in Britain still go through National Service, and for almost all of them the day that they report to their recruiting unit must be one of life's low points. Whether a conscript comes from school, an apprenticeship or a job, he feels that previous work or studies suddenly mean nothing. They are things of the past and he will never get back to them.

As I sat in the crowded train with a 4s. postal order in my pocket—the first day's advance of pay—I felt my individuality slipping away. The n.c.o.s at the station herded us into wagons. The doctors and orderlies quickly tested, felt and measured us like low-grade cattle. Our hair was shaved off.

Strange pieces of clothing—pants with bits of string—were thrown at us, and we tried not to drop things as we struggled forward from one counter to the next collecting pieces of paper, mess cans, a bent old fork or two and a host of other puzzling objects.

At the end I was covered from neck to toe in the prickly, ugly, archaic uniform of the British Army. I was now, I felt, no longer a human being with a few abilities, views and rights of my own. I was a number, a raw, miserable, uncomfortable number in a group of numbers.

Of course, things got better. The rough initiation may have been good for us. But there is much of National Service which is not good for anybody—the weeks and months of hanging around with nothing to do, getting acclimatized to inactivity, to the feeling that the world owes one a living.

"Don't volunteer for anything," is the cry. "There are only a few jobs to be done, and why should you be the one to do them?" On the day when National Service is abolished the country will gain much more than the millions of pounds that will be saved.

At the end of my first week two of us were put on fatigues in the sergeants' mess. I spent the day from 9 a.m. until 8 p.m. peeling potatoes and washing up. Having spent years to that date in an atmosphere of rationing and austerity, I was profoundly shocked by the waste.

In the corner was a large receptacle, filled with what looked like Irish stew

"Next-door must have returned the rake, then"

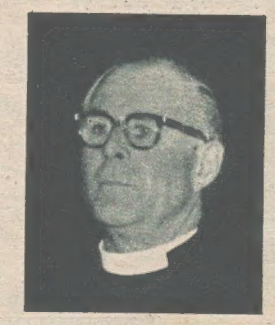
MEMORY—3

Many a man fails to become a thinker for the sole reason that his memory is too good.

F. W. Nietzsche

MY BROTHER DONALD

See page 35



Dr. Donald Soper, the famous Methodist minister, is Mrs. M. Lawrence's brother

—lumps of beef and vegetables. Innocently I asked the cook sergeant: "Why do you put the food in that?"

"Oh, that is just the refuse, lad. Never get through all the food here."

Since leaving the army I have listened to many discussions on defence and the possibility of cutting down on the £1,500 million that the nation spends on it every year. I have heard Ministers of both parties explain the impossibility of economizing. I have thought sometimes of those bins of bread, vegetables and rationed meat being thrown away day after day.

I spent ten weeks in basic training at Oswestry, in Shropshire. Much to my surprise my troop officer allowed me off in my second week to compete again in the British schools athletics meeting. Having been at school the previous term I was still eligible.

With virtually no training I succeeded in gaining second place in the mile, but I should record that the winner, Peter Robinson, whom I was later to race against in inter-university athletics, lost his shoe at the first bend and yet succeeded in beating me by ten yards.

As did those around me, I got used to the army and its ways. We learned not to look for reasons in things. One day our n.c.o., a keen, officious young man, produced a bright idea. "Now, lads," he said, "for tomorrow's inspection I want you to cover the barrack room floor with boot polish."

We bought 150 tins of black boot polish—five each—and stayed up all night putting it on. Dirty and weary, we stood by our beds the following morning. The barrack room floor was a dull glistening black.

The inspecting officer walked briskly in, took one horrified look around him and said: "What the devil has been going on here, Sergeant? Have the men scrub this floor clean immediately!"

We did. And it took a great deal longer than putting it on.

I have always been an avid reader of newspapers. I have always been interested in the different things they say, and the way they work. I like, if I can, to read about six papers a day. But early in my National Service I learned to temper my enthusiasm for newspaper reading.

One evening in the London Underground on my way back to Oswestry I was engrossed in the day's papers, when a voice said: "Stops here, mate."

I found I was at Hounslow, or West Ruislip, or another of those Underground termini. With horror I realized that I had missed my train north. My forty-eight hour pass ran out at seven o'clock on the following morning and I had to be on parade at 8 a.m.

The penalties for being late would be unthinkably awful. I spent a night of agonizing apprehension on a parcels train which arrived in Chester at 5.30 a.m. There was no connection, no bus. Suitcase in hand, I started to run the thirty miles back to camp at Oswestry.

At 7 a.m. I was still twenty miles from camp when a lorry driver, to whom I shall eternally be grateful, stopped to pick me up. He lent me a duster with which to polish my boots and the brasses on my belt.

The rest of the squad were coming out of the barrack room as, breathless and bleary-eyed, I tottered on to the parade ground just in time.

From my basic training I went to the officer cadet school at Mons Barracks, Aldershot. There I came under the eagle eye of the awesome Regimental Sergeant-major Brittain.

Since his retirement a few years ago, R.S.M. Brittain has become a well-known figure to the general public. His enormous frame and voice have appeared in one or two films and on television.

When I first met him he was already a terrifying legend. He might have a thousand of us on parade together and yet each would feel that his every movement was being watched by the great man.

"Get him, Sergeant!" he would shout in his high-pitched Guard's shriek. "Get him, Sergeant! That cadet in the third rank, five from the end. No, not that one!" His voice rose to a piercing falsetto and his mouth became so wide that an ordinary person's head would have fitted inside it. "The next man! Got his thumb on the wrong side of the rifle. March him off, Sergeant!"

The sergeant-instructors would buzz in and out of the ranks like hardworking little bees, while the majestic queen bee Brittain pointed out the offenders.

Although completely under the spell myself, I used to marvel that one man could have such authority. It was not just the rank he held and the power he wielded over us. It was sheer force of character. I had enough common sense to know that he could not possibly have his eye on each one of us all the time. But I did not dare, when a fly landed on my nose, to twitch a muscle of my face to get it off.

One day I had what I thought was a fairly good reason for not attending the morning parade. Somehow R.S.M. Brittain discovered that I was not there. I was summoned to him on the parade ground.

"You 'orrible idle little man," he murmured in a voice that could be heard in a radius of about a quarter of a mile. "Do you think that you can just come on to parade when you feel like it?" On the last syllable of the word "parade" his voice soared into a long, drawn-out, high-pitched roar.

"No, sir. . . ."

I spoke fast, putting my arguments quickly and clearly, if a little tremulously at times. I explained that I had been given orders by my sergeant to do something else on that particular morning. But it was no use. To the immense enjoyment of the entire officer cadet school assembled on parade, the argument, if it could be called that, lasted about ten minutes. I definitely got in more words per second, but the R.S.M. monopolized most of the talking time.

I had, I was sure, right and reason on my side. Brittain, however, had stronger weapons. The outcome was seven days' confined to barracks.

Some weeks later the R.S.M. stopped me in the road. He stood over me, all twenty stone of him, peering down. I remained rigidly at attention, wondering what on earth it was this time. The lower outside edge of each of his huge cheeks was slowly rising. The extremities of his mouth were curling upwards. Suddenly I realized that R.S.M. Brittain was smiling.

"I 'ear you are a promising young officer cadet," he roared. Then he turned on his heel and marched smartly off down the road.

The personality of R.S.M. Brittain dominated the officer cadet school. Nobody who was there could forget the contempt which he was able to breathe into the word "gentlemen" as he addressed the cadets on parade. Nobody could forget the familiar sight of him, head erect, back straight, riding his bicycle around the camp.

In retrospect, every other n.c.o. and officer seems but a pale shadow in comparison with R.S.M. Brittain. He was regarded with that unique mixture of affection, hatred and respect which the best British n.c.o. is able to command.

It would be inaccurate to say that I enjoyed Mons. Few, I believe, did. Most were like me, under nineteen, and everything was very strange. We were worked too hard and had too little sleep to enjoy it. We seldom, in fact, had more than five or six hours' sleep a night. But at least those in authority seemed to know thoroughly what they wanted to do with us. Through much of the rest of my time in the army I did not have that feeling.

After being commissioned I returned to Oswestry. I spent the rest of my National Service—a full year—there. It seemed a long time. There was little work to do, and few recreations that appealed to me. From lists of books that were sent to me by Magdalen College, my future college at Oxford, I read a good deal in economics and politics.

This year was one of the periods in my life when I read most. Often I would go back to my rooms at four thirty in the afternoon and read until late into the night.

I did not, I think, read very intelligently. I ploughed through books that I did not understand. But I was becoming interested in politics in its widest sense, and however random and unselective it may have been, the reading that I was able to do stood me in good stead when I got to Oxford. Without it, my university career might well have been short lived, for once I was at Oxford I found so many new amusements and interests that little work got done.

In the evenings at Oswestry, whenever I could muster up the energy to run by myself, I trained on the garrison sports field.

I was fortunate in having a commanding officer who became extremely keen on athletics. Perpetually harried by my own enthusiasm, he gradually became more addicted to the sport even than I was. After I left, two running tracks were completed at Oswestry and the regiment became outstanding in army athletics.

My running showed a steady, and to me exciting, improvement. From a best time of four minutes twenty-seven seconds for the mile at the beginning of my National Service, I improved until in the summer of 1950 I won the Inter-Services mile championship in 4 minutes 15.6 seconds, which in those days was a record for the meeting.

In the autumn of 1950 I went up to Oxford. After two years of running in the army, I found myself already to the fore in university athletics. That winter I won the Oxford-Cambridge cross-country race and in March the mile at the White City in the university sports. Now, I felt, was the time for a sterner test.

With many misgivings, I accepted an invitation to run in an international two-mile race at the Whitsun British Games.

My race was on the Monday. On the Saturday I went along to the White City to watch Roger Bannister in action. I had hardly met him, and I had never seen him run.

For three laps he seemed to bounce happily along in the centre of the field, and then, with three hundred yards to go, his body suddenly sprang to life. One second he was in a bunch of runners, the next he was twenty yards ahead, striding smoothly and powerfully for the tape.

"In forty-eight hours," I thought, "my turn will come." And my stomach felt as it does when a fast-moving lift suddenly drops beneath me.

In my race were Czechs, Hungarians and Yugoslavs, and the best British distance runners, Gordon Pirie among them. I had never run more than four laps on a track before, and at the end of six laps my legs no longer felt as if they belonged to me. Just as a man who holds his breath for too long feels his chest expanding, so it seemed that mine might at any time burst like a balloon.

With a lap to go I could think of nothing but my own tiredness. My confidence and most of my will to win had vanished.

I had forgotten all about Bannister's spurt, but I was still in the leading group, and with three hundred yards to go I had the energy to move out into the second lane to prevent myself being boxed in.

The crowd must have thought that I was about to do what Bannister had done—burst away with a long finishing sprint. Nothing could have been farther from my mind, but for the first time I heard the excited roar of a crowd in a packed stadium, knowing that it was directed at me.

I felt a sudden surge of excitement. I was sprinting, my legs were no longer tired, the noise seemed deafening. I felt free, strong and exhilarated. The finishing straight loomed up in front of me. I was past the winning post. I looked around. There was nobody within thirty yards.

It was the first time that I found I could "change gear" and sprint at the end of a race. I was to win quite a few more in the same way, but it never again brought quite the same sense of joyful unexpected power.

I was twenty years old. It was four years since I had run in my first half-mile race at school. From then on, I was firmly embroiled in the exhausting, absorbing circus that is international athletics.

NEXT WEEK: I meet disaster at the Helsinki Olympics

Your Garden and Mine

by PERCY THROWER

My seed propagator was made from an orange box and a lamp.

I covered the inside of the box with thick brown paper to exclude draughts. Then I nailed strips of wood inside so that three seed boxes could rest on them with their tops level with the top of the box.

The heater is a chicken brooder lamp costing 18s. 6d., which holds a quart of paraffin, sufficient for ten days' continuous use. It was designed for use with live chicks so there is no danger of fire.—D. DAVIES, Hafren Terrace, Llanidloes, Montgomeryshire.

Carrying cans of water is always a laborious task. Fewer journeys will be necessary if a piece of cloth, about the size of a handkerchief, is tied over the rose and allowed to hang down about ten inches. The water can then be directed exactly where required.—O. D. CLARK, Ipplepen, near Newton Abbot, Devon.

PERCY THROWER says: This seed raiser is quite a good idea, but I'm not altogether happy about using paraffin because of the risk of fumes, however slight, affecting seedlings.

It would be far better to use electricity if available. You would need a 100-watt bulb until the seedlings show through. Then use a 60-watt until they are established. Finally, use a 40-watt bulb for about a week, after which all heating can be dispensed with.

Mr. Clarke's hint would prevent a lot of water being wasted by keeping it to the area round the roots where it is really wanted.

JOHN BULL pays five guineas each for the best original, topical gardening hints sent to Percy Thrower, JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. No entry can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

MEMORY—4

The absent-minded man is often a man who is making the best of life and therefore has no time to remember the mediocre.

Robert Lynd

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WAY TO WIN

Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

What The World's Coming To	Dad's Horse
The Sandys Bombshell	One Sunny Sunday
John's Allotment	Justice
In The Melting-pot	At Shrimpington's Regatta
Good For You	For The Rest
To Escape From The Humdrum	Dirty Money
Ought To Be Mechanized	Shovelling It In
Glued To The TV	Where The Joneses Are Going
Ivan And Olga	Down On The Beach
In Nature's Cinema	Let's Get Cracking And

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

According To..... A Shower Of.....
Snub For..... Inspiring.....
She Hates....., So Through .....Window

EXAMPLE
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BULLET
EX. ....
B. .....
EX. .....
B .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

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I agree to rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at the rate of 6d. per Bullet.

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin* 100 "Double Six" Prizes and 1,500 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best Bullet received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 13), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, June 29, for early news of No. 2,094 result.)

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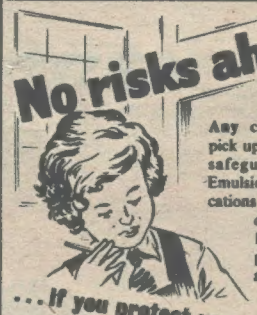

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Roberts

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